

# SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXVIII NO. 124

SEYMOUR, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1909.

PRICE TWO CENTS

## CITY COUNCIL

### Proceedings of Adjourned Meeting Last Night.

The city council met in adjourned session last night, Mayor Kyte presiding and all councilmen present. The following business was transacted after the minutes were read and approved:

The city attorney reported in writing that he had interviewed Mr. Frank Bush about the sale of the notes held by the city. Mr. Bush said that he had no proposition to make but would stand by a former proposition to give one thousand dollars for the three notes. Report received but no action taken.

The city attorney also reported for the special committee appointed to confer with the Ahlbrand Carriage Company with a view to aiding said company to rebuild. He said the committee had met and all members were in favor of rendering aid. Mr. Kamman reported that he had talked with Mr. Albert Ahlbrand who had shown him propositions to go to other cities. He preferred to remain here and if the city would render any aid he would like to know it as soon as possible. Said if the city did make a donation he might sometime return it to the city when he got on his feet again. Report was accepted and committee continued.

A petition signed by a long list of citizens and taxpayers was read by the city clerk. The petitioners urged the city council to purchase a part of lot 6, block R in the city of Seymour of the Ahlbrand Carriage Company and pay therefor the sum of \$10,000 and that the city issue bonds to pay for same.

Robertson suggested an appropriation of \$2,000 for a shelter in the city park but the suggestion was not taken seriously.

#### CLAIMS ALLOWED.

J. P. Grime, plumbing.....	\$ 90
Graessle-Mercer Co.....	15 00
Jackson Co. L. & T. Co., int.....	35 00
W. C. Bevins, supplies.....	4 70
Volunteer Firemen.....	89 25
Travis Carter Co., supplies.....	2 50
Peter Forway, garbage.....	150 00
Jno. Baumeister, R. R. fair.....	2 20
J. F. Sierp, St. Com.....	18 00
Leo. McLaughlin, labor.....	5 50
Squire Wilson, labor.....	12 45
Wm. Aufferberg, labor.....	12 00
Jno. Reynolds, labor.....	12 15
Mrs. Constance, cleaning City Bldg.....	5 00

An ordinance to appropriate \$10,000 for the purchase of part of lot 6, block R for a city workhouse site was put on first reading. This was followed by an ordinance authorizing the borrowing of \$10,000 and for the issuance of five per cent. bonds, in denominations of \$500 each for that amount. This was followed by a resolution for the purchase of part of lot 6, block R, of the Ahlbrand Carriage Company for the sum of \$10,000 for a workhouse site. Action on resolution was deferred two weeks.

The ordinance to readjust the salaries of the city firemen was put on second reading.

On motion of Jackson the B. & O. S-W. is to be notified to repair tile at

### Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

#### How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or setting, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.

**What To Do.**  
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.  
You may have a sample bottle sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Poplar street and railroad right-of-way.

Morton reported that sewer in alley back of city building was stopped up. Referred to a committee to examine and report back to council.

On motion of Bretthauer the street commissioner was instructed to remove a broken tree on McDonald street, also to make some repairs at opening of Oak street alley on south Chestnut street and to raise some sidewalk on South Chestnut street.

The profile of grade of part of Ninth street and Broadway street made by the civil engineer was adopted.

A resolution declaring it a necessity to improve by grading and graveling Ninth street from the east property line of Ewing street to the east property line of Blish street and Broadway from Ninth to north corporation line according to plans and specifications made by the city engineer, the cost to be assessed against the owners of abutting property was adopted.

A report was made that during the recent heavy rains the water poured out in great quantities from the manhole on west Third street.

Peter Forway and Sam Nicholson, the garbage contractors, were present and reported that there was objection to where they had been dumping the slops and another place would have to be provided by the city. Ewing Shields was present and said that he would provide a place for two weeks which would give the city time to look for another.

Council adjourned at 9 o'clock.

### Women Relate Experiences.

"And we heard a cry from Macedonia, come over and help us!"

In the future we do not need the stories from other cities and towns to convince us that the open saloon is an evil and a menace to our homes. All we have to do is to go over our town and hear the heart breaking stories of mothers, wives and sisters. Here are some of the stories I have heard directly from the lips of women I have taken by the hand as sisters in the last week. What has whiskey done for you? One mother said: "It has put my only son in the penitentiary, it has kept me and my little children shivering out on my own door step until one or two o'clock in the morning, locked out by a drunken husband and it has kept me 14 years over the wash-tub. Why should I not work to get it out of town?"

A father from the county said it fired the brain of his daughter's promised husband, made him so jealous that he killed her and then himself. Yes, I came to vote dry. Another old lady said, "My husband drank for years. A few years ago when the Red Ribbon workers were here he took the pledge and then was a good husband and said he wondered how I put up with him all the years he drank." And now shall men make this a question of dollars and cents, as against the hearts of wife and children? "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?"

These are only a few of the stories told me in five minute conversations. They are not patent medicine testimonials but only short stories from real life in our own town.

There seems to be a feeling abroad in the land that women who went into this work this week had some personal grudge against the saloon-keeper. The question of the saloon-keeper as a man was left entirely out of the campaign. The question, the real question is, do we as mothers want our daughters and daughters-in-law to go through the sad experiences of some of the poor women we have told of.

Yes, blind tigers may spring up in many places, but being blind they will be more easily caught. Also the men who have not the willpower to resist the allurements of the attractive saloon, will not pursue the blind tigers very far. If he exists at all he will have to stay too far in the Jungle.  
L. B. S.

### Married in Kentucky.

A dispatch published in the Cincinnati Enquirer of the date of April 22 from Frankfort, Kentucky, states that Otis Lane, a member of the Seymour police force and Mrs. Alice Reed also of this city were married in that city on that date. They had expected to keep their secret from their friends for a little while but this dispatch met the eye of some of their friends and now they are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Riverview Cemetery Association will be held Monday, May 10th, 1909 at 7:30 p. m. at the First National Bank.  
J. H. ANDREWS, Secretary.

Terms, 30 lessons \$15 at the Seymour College of Music. a28d

### Here For Funeral.

Among the twenty ministers who attended the funeral of Rev. Philip Schmidt here Tuesday afternoon were Rev. Wambgsans, of Columbus; Rev. Biedermann, of Indianapolis; Rev. Pohlman, of Sauer; Rev. Frank, of Evansville; Rev. Praetorius, of Louisville; Rev. Shumm, of Brownstown; Rev. Baumgart, of Waymansville; Rev. Firnhaber, of Clifty; the two Rev. Markworths, Rev. Diemer, of Dudleytown; Rev. Schultz, of Hamilton, O.; Rev. Juengle, of Vandalia; Rev. Kaiser, of Jonesville; Rev. Baade, of White Creek; and Rev. Meyer, of Wegan. Others who came here to attend the funeral were Prof. Koch, of Columbus; Prof. Kastrup, of the Baumgart school; Prof. Goetch, of Dudleytown; Prof. Biewie, of Sauer; Prof. Wente, of Sauer; Mrs. Howard Slavens, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Fred Weneke, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Shepard, of Columbus; Mr. Fehring, of Columbus; Manuel Trautman and Louis VonFange, of Columbus; Henry Schneider and Philip Zabel, of Brownstown; Mrs. George Klosterman, of Dudleytown; Miss Lena Mascher and Miss Clara Wehrkamp, of Indianapolis. The church, which seats about 900 people, was crowded and many were standing. Others were turned away or were compelled to stand on the outside for want of space within. Prof. Kastrup, of Washington township, presided at the organ. Many of those present from a distance remained to spend a few days with friends.

### DIED.

MANUEL.—Mrs. Mollie Manuel, wife of Lon Manuel, died at 2 a. m. Wednesday April 28, at her home in Indianapolis, age 49 years. Tuberculosis was the cause of her death. She had been sick six weeks. Leaves husband, two daughters and two grandchildren. The deceased formerly lived in Seymour. The remains will be brought here and the funeral and burial will be sometime Thursday.

### Musicale.

Miss Clara Kornhorst, Vocalist, of Louisville will give a musicale next Monday evening, May 3 in Mrs. Guernsey Music Room. She will be assisted by Miss Bettye Lewis, Reader, also from Louisville. These ladies and their work are too well known to the people of this community to require further introduction. Their work is of a very high order and all who attend are assured a splendid and interesting program.

### House Was Crowded.

The Henderson Stock Company was greeted by another crowded house last night and everybody enjoyed the show. This is certainly about the best repertoire company that ever played here. Tonight the company will play "The Ranch King," or "Miss Bunco, of Arizona." Ladies admitted free again tonight on same conditions as Monday and Tuesday nights.

### Circuit Court.

The April term of the Jackson circuit court has been in session three days. The docket was called Tuesday. The court and lawyers have been busy with the preliminaries that always take the time of the first few days. The term promises to be about an average in the way of business.

### Notice To Court of Honor.

Members will meet at Hall tonight at 7:30 to make arrangements to attend funeral of Sister Myrtle Sauter.

A. P. CARTER, Rec.

**A \$50,000 Blaze at New Orleans.**  
New Orleans, La., April 28.—Fire which threatened for a time to extend throughout an entire block in the center of the wholesale district was confined to the building occupied by the Importers Coffee company. The loss is about \$50,000, covered by insurance.

#### Sharp Rally in Wheat.

Chicago, April 28.—The wheat market rallied sharply Tuesday from Monday's severe slump, the July delivery advancing 3 cents from the low point of the previous session. The close was strong at almost the top.

Now that Turkey has a new ruler it is the general opinion that a brighter day is dawning for the empire. The young Turks are demanding a better government and a higher civilization and in time they will doubtless achieve a complete victory.

Ladies can get a good shampoo and their hair dressed in any style at Mrs. E. M. Young's beauty parlor. No. 130 South Chestnut street. mjd

Barber's and horse clippers ground at Sprenger's barber shop. May 25d&w

Shave with Berdon, the barber.

### Goes Right to Headquarters.

South Bend, Ind., April 28.—Cyrus E. Pattee, prosecutor of St. Joseph county, issued subpoenas for Governor Marshall, Mark Thistlethwaite, secretary to the governor, and Percy A. Parry, editor of the Hammond Times, requesting that they appear before the grand jury of the St. Joseph circuit court next Tuesday and tell what they know of alleged prize fighting in this county.

The prosecutor decided on the action as the result of a letter which he received from Mr. Thistlethwaite, which read as follows:

"Repeated complaints have reached Governor Marshall, in an indirect way, of prize fighting in your county. Therefore, the governor directs me to instruct you to make an investigation, with a view to ascertaining the truth of these complaints, with the additional instruction to enforce the law if it is being violated and to prosecute the violators. The attached clipping is enclosed, inasmuch as the writer may have some information for you."

The prosecutor mailed the subpoenas to the sheriffs of Marion and Lake counties. The action is one which the prosecutor intimated he might take even before the instructions from Indianapolis were received. Mr. Pattee says he knows of no fighting in the county, and that it is only fair that those who do know should tell the grand jury what they know.

When asked about his action in regard to the governor, Mr. Pattee said: "I believe I have the power to ask the governor to appear before the St. Joseph grand jury. If he knows of prize fighting in this county I want him to tell all about it. I understand he receives his information from newspaper talk, but there may be some mistake. The grand jury has the right to actually know who told him. I believe the governor would come. I admire him and believe he is fair."

### MARRIED OUT OF JAIL

Absconded With Widow's Money, But Was Brought to Time.

Evansville, Ind., April 28.—Brought to the marriage altar with a detective on one side and the city marshal of Henderson, Ky., on the other, F. M. Beard of Owensboro, Ky., was married here to Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, a dashing young widow of Ironton, O.

Beard, who is a life insurance agent, met Mrs. Hoffman in Ironton several weeks ago. Upon her promise to marry him she turned over \$4,000 to him. He skipped and went to Owensboro, where a sister lives. Mrs. Hoffman put Detective King of Ironton on his trail. The officer found Beard in Nashville, Tenn. He was brought back to Henderson, where he had deposited the widow's money. He wrote out checks for the \$4,000 for her and was taken to jail.

Mrs. Hoffman then set to work to get him out of trouble and secured the promise that he would be freed if he would marry her. Accordingly the couple came here in company with the officers and had the ceremony performed.

### GENERAL INVESTIGATION

Books of Peru's City Officials to Be Looked Into.

Peru, Ind., April 28.—The investigation of the books of Mayor William A. Odum's court, as started by the grand jury last week, will end in an investigation of all the books of the city officers, for there is more than ordinary interest being taken in the matter. First, the grand jury took up the investigation, then the City Civic league, and now the city council will make an examination.

Nickelo tonight: Two big shows, "The Painting", "Bride of Lammermoor", "The Musician's Love". 2,400 feet of film. Always 5 cents.

A few choice fruit trees left over from Greening Nursery Company can be bought at bargain. H. P. Miller, Agent. m3d

Mrs. Silas Ruddick, who was operated on for tumor at her home of East Laurel Street, is getting along very nicely.

**Experience Proves.**  
Time tells which is best and most reliable. For 7 years Perry Davis' Painkiller has been driving away pain and bringing health—as a remedy for sprains, burns, bruises, rheumatism, neuralgia. It cures colds, cramps, bowel complaints. But be sure to take this unequalled remedy promptly. Large bottles 35 cents or larger 50 cents.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**DREAMLAND**  
**TONIGHT**  
"His Little Sister" and  
"Burning of Stamboul,  
Constantinople"  
Illustrated Song  
"Blue Eyes"  
By Miss Anna E. Carter.  
\*\*\*\*\*

### Will Locate Here.

W. E. Weller, general agent for the Indiana Life Endowment Company of Evansville, arrived in the city yesterday. He will open an office here in a few days, employ a stenographer and become a resident Seymour. Mr. Weller is already known to some of our business and professional men who know him to be an honest and conscientious young man, besides he comes highly recommended by the people of Salem, his hometown. He was born and raised in Washington county. He will have charge of about six counties and will employ a number of new agents besides those already working under his direction. He is an energetic young man, and just the sort that Seymour is always ready to welcome. We bespeak for him a fair share of the business in his line.

### Praise Canton Seymour.

The Bedford Mail comments on the exhibition drill given there Monday evening by Canton Seymour as follows:

"At 7:30 the Seymour team gave an exhibition drill on West 16th street. The team has only been organized for a little over a year and is one of the best in the State. Although really handicapped by the large crowds on the street, they gave an excellent exhibition."

"At 8 o'clock a business session was held at the hall, when the initiatory and third degrees were given by the Seymour team, the first by the Lawrenceport team and the second by the Mitchell teams."

"Campbellsburg and Seymour Rebekah teams conferred the Rebekah degree at the K. of P. hall following the parade."

### Union Praise Service.

There will be a Union Praise meeting at the First Baptist church this evening at 7:30. All the Christian churches are requested to join in this service.

### Pythian Sisters.

Degree staff will practice Wednesday evening, April 28.  
a28d

#### DRILL MASTER.

The W. C. T. U. held their regular meeting this afternoon with Mrs. Ida Miller at her home on North Chestnut street.

Special sale of sheet music, 15 cents a copy. Wiethoff & Kernan Music Co.  
Don't walk but 'phone 651 for cab. H. F. Cordes. a29d

## S.S.S. PURELY S.S.S. VEGETABLE

The absolute vegetable purity of S.S.S. has always been one of the strongest points in its favor, and is one of the principal reasons why it is the most widely known and universally used of all blood medicines. A great many of the so-called blood purifiers are really nothing more than strong mineral mixtures which act so unpleasantly and disastrously on the delicate membranes and tissues of the stomach and bowels, that even if such treatment purified the blood, the condition in which the digestive system is left would often be more damaging to the health than the original trouble. Not so with S.S.S.—it is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and at the same time is an absolutely safe and harmless remedy. It is made entirely of the healing and cleansing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks, each of which is in daily use in some form by physicians in their practice. Years of work and research have proven S.S.S. to contain everything necessary to purify the blood and at the same time supply the system with the purest and best tonic effects. S.S.S. cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other blood troubles, and it leaves the system in perfect condition when it has purified the blood. Book containing much valuable information on the blood and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## Majestic Theater ALL THIS WEEK

### SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

**Richard R. Henderson**  
AND THE SUPERB  
**Henderson Stock Co.**  
IN REPERTOIRE

## TO-NIGHT

"The Ranch King"

14 People. Special Matinees. Change of Play and Specialties Nightly.

Prices: 10, 20 and 30cts.

### LADIES FREE

TO-NIGHT when accompanied with one paid thirty cent ticket.



## WOMAN.

Woman! thou loveliest gift that here below  
Man can receive, or Providence bestow!  
To thee the earliest offerings belong  
Of opening eloquence, or youthful song;  
Lovely partaker of our dearest joys—  
Thyself a gift whose pleasure never cloy—  
Whose wished-for presence gently can appease  
The wounds of penury, or slow disease—  
Whose loss is such, as through life's tedious way  
No rank can compensate, no wealth repay;  
Thy figure beams a ray of heavenly light  
To cheer the darkness of our earthly night;  
Hail, fair Enslaver! at thy charming glance  
Boldness recedes and timid hearts advance,  
Monarchs forget their scepter and their sway,  
And sages melt in tenderness away.

—Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

## What the Dog Brought to Shore

"Yes, almost in this very place," said the auld Laird. He raised himself on his arm, and looked down the loch towards the sea—further than that the old eyes gazed—the mist gathered over them as he peered back through the vista of years.

"It was in that terrible Crimean winter—years before you were born, young man," he laid his hand upon my knee, "ah, there are no such winters now—changed, changed, like everything else! From January to April, the whole country was buried under snow and ice; the starving deer came into our stack-yards; the grouse fed with the fowls in the yard; the mountain hares were picked up about the doors by the hundred, starved, and frozen stiff. For weeks together, horses never left their stables, and every night we carried spades into the house wherewith to dig our way to air and light in the morning.

"Everywhere a silent, snowy world; only on the water there was life, and there it swarmed. Terns, curlews, gulls, redheads, teal, wigeon, wild duck, wild swan—by the thousand they came into the loch. It is no exaggeration to say that out there"—he pointed to the middle of the narrow estuary—"there were wild fowl by the acre. And we could not get near them; here by the shore the ice was thick; layer upon layer it lay piled, but midway across it was unsafe—we dared not venture upon it. The only chance at this part was to take a snapshot when at times their flight led towards us. Hard they were to get, however; often we could hear our shot hit the feathers of the great swans sailing high above our heads, and glance off as from a shield. 'Honk—honk—honk' would go their flapping wings; 'threee-threee' would ring the cry of the cock wigeon; 'Purre!' replied his mate. 'Quitter-quatter, quitter-quatter,' would come the sound of their great company settling upon the thin strip of unfrozen water in the middle of the loch. Wheeling and screaming, in came the gulls from the open sea; with shrieks of wild laughter, the terns would settle down beside them. As the sun set, and the moon came up over the shoulder of the hill, you could scarce hear yourself speak for the clamor they made.

"I was young in those days," the old man sighed, "sport and adventure were the very breath of my nostrils, and for days and nights together Duncan Cameron and I would be out. There was an old tumble-down cottage on the shore just opposite the islets, and this we made into a rough dwelling-place. We carried in great piles of turf from the peat stack by the door, and built them into sleeping bunks; the drift wood from the shore, the dry peat from the heart of the stack, we piled in huge, roaring fires upon the open hearth. And chiefly we fed upon fat bacon! Strange, now, for at ordinary times I fairly loathe fat; but in that bitter, stinging air it was the one thing I craved. By day we slept and ate, then slept and ate again; when night fell, we donned our warmest clothing, drew night shirts over all, and, clad in white, sallied out into a white world. "A stout, sturdy Celt was my henchman, Duncan Cameron; as shikari, I have never met his equal. His intimate acquaintance with the ways and manners of fur and feather, his knowledge, as it would seem, of their very thoughts, the subtlety of his methods for their undoing—all had in them something almost of the uncanny. Dead and gone now—ay, dead and gone this many a year!"—the Laird sighed heavily—"but in those days he was a fine, strong, upstanding man of forty-five or thereabouts.

"Not without his troubles, though—no. His son Ian had been a rickety youth, nothing had about the lad—no, no, he was sound at the core, was Ian, but a bit wild—ay, ay, young boys will have it fling—and two years before, when but a boy of nineteen, he had gone and 'listed for a soldier. Some trouble about a lass; she had flitted him, and the proud Highland blood was on fire. . . . But fine old Ian play his part in the days that followed—ah, you were the times to try a lad's mettle! . . .

"At noon, one day of late September, he found himself on the banks of a rolling river; beyond it, every point of hill and bluff was occupied by the heavy guns of the Russian batteries; dense masses of their infantry covered each slope. In the face of shot and shell, the river was crossed, the heights were scaled, the great redoubt was taken—and the battle of the Alma was won! "In the dark, drizzling mist of a dim

November day he stood on a wide plateau, while wave after wave of a great ocean of the grey-coated foe rolled up to overwhelm that thin red line—dashed upon it, wavered, broke, recoiled. Darkness descended upon the glorious heights of Inkerman, and the thin red line stood unbroken, though inside it lay heap upon heap of red-coated dead!

"And there, too lay Ian. . . . Dead? No, not dead, but wounded almost unto death was the lad. . . . In the muck and mire of the marshy camp he lay, till room was found for him at Scutari. There they patched him up somehow, and shipped him off to Netley. . . . And from that hospital he had just got his discharge, his father told me, and was now, or soon would be, on his way north. Duncan did not seem to notice anything strange in this; but I wondered a little within myself why Ian was coming tamely home instead of being off again to fight the Russian.

"Who will be knowin', then," said the father, as we pushed our boat into the narrow channel which some underground springs still kept open between us and the nearest isle—"who will be knowin' but what next time we are



"WE FELL BACK EXHAUSTED, THE DOG MAKING DESPERATE EFFORTS."

out, my boy will be tekkin' an oar, whatever? His lip trembled under his grizzled mustache. "But canny, canny!" he whispered warningly, "it's cautious we'll need to be here."

"Prone on my stomach, I peered through the wash streaks of the punt; crouching behind me, Duncan noiselessly poled into the lead. Silently we glided forward.

"What's yon in the channel?" he whispered. "Lay you the gun on to the openin', and wait you—wait you till we get it under the light."

"I trained my gun, and then we lay, silent as death, till from under a passing cloud the moon shone out bright and clear. It made a glittering pathway up the narrow lead, and right in the middle of its track there lay a great, shifting, dark cloud.

"Quitter-quitter, wheep-wheep." "Red heads!" breathed Duncan. "Shoot!"

"Loud, outraged cries and terrific clapping of wings mingled with the report. The cloud lifted, but on the moon's white way floated a little array of corpses. . . . Nineteen plump, shining bodies did we retrieve from the ice-cold water.

"Ah'm thinkin'," said Duncan, "we'll better now be gettin' back to the shore. If we wass to wander round the point as far as the ferry, it's a few birds we would be pickin' up, whatever, and at the ferry we will be waitin' for the mornin' fight."

"As suggested, so done. As we pulled the punt up upon the ice, 'Now, sirr,' said Duncan, 'I will chust run up to the cottage an' get Feorach.'"

"In a few minutes he reappeared. Feorach, his big Labrador, stepping sedately by his side.

"I hev put on a new line to him," said Cameron, "the old wass a wee bit worn; but this one, Ah'm thinkin', less strong enough to drag the Barony bull out o' the watter."

"For in those Arctic expeditions, you see, it is necessary to have your dog on a line, otherwise he may fall through a hole in the ice and be seen no more. . . .

"We 'wandered' over the rocks, and through the wood of snow-laden larches which grew close down to the water's edge. The crisp snow crackled under our feet, our breath froze in icicles upon our moustaches. In truth, it was a bitter night. . . . Here a wigeon, there a teal—our bag waxed heavy ere we approached the little boat house

which marked the ferry between our shore and the little railway station on the further side of the loch.

"Cott bless me!" cried Duncan, under his breath, as we came within sight of it, "if the loch is not frozen from shore to shore! Neffer in ahl my life hae I seen such a sight, whatever. In another day or two, it's crossin' the ferry on their feet, the fowk will be!"

"From bank to bank stretched an unbroken sheet of ice, thin and treacherous in the middle, doubtless, as we who, only two days before, had seen the water flow deep and black between the flocks, could very well judge, but to all appearance a solid pathway from shore to shore.

"What's yon?" suddenly exclaimed Duncan, and gripped me by the arm. "Will it be a seal, or can it be a man, whatever?"

"From the further side, two hundred yards from where we stood, we saw a black something stir upon the white surface of the loch. With a queer lopsided motion it came towards us.

"It's over big for a seal, an' yet it will hardly be like a man!" Duncan muttered.

Nearer and nearer came the halting figure.

"Cott bless ahl livin' bodies!" cried Cameron, "it iss a man! Cosh, he must be a stranger, or neffer would he be tryin' to cross ice only a day or two old—Feorach," he yelled suddenly, "may the teffel fly away with the dog! What will be the matter wi' him?"

"Straining, tearing at the line, the huge Labrador dragged Duncan down the bank; the man's feet slipped from under him, and he fell with a resounding whack upon the ice. Between the tugging of the eager animal and the slipperiness beneath him, it was some minutes before he could struggle to his feet. Then, with crimson countenance, growing hoarse Gaelic ejaculations into his grizzled beard, Cameron was proceeding to administer due discipline to the frantic Feorach, when there came from the ice a curious sighing, creaking sound. In the same instant from the middle of the loch came a loud crack and a deep, grinding noise, followed by a wild cry.

"Cott, he's in!" shrieked Duncan, and together we tore over the ice, the Labrador well ahead and straining madly at his line.

"Stop, stop! We must not be get-



"WE FELL BACK EXHAUSTED, THE DOG MAKING DESPERATE EFFORTS."

ting too near," panted Duncan, "or it's more harm than good we'll be doin'!"

"The line was a long one; fifty feet or so ahead of him, the Labrador plunged into the black water, which surged sullenly over the broken ice.

"Off, off to the boathouse!" Duncan yelled, "bring floor boards, or we'll ahl be drowned together!"

"Back over the ice I flew. I lugged the floor boards out of the boat drawn up upon the beach, and, half carrying, half trailing them, the perspiration streaming down my face, breath coming in gasps, I reached the spot where Duncan lay, both hands twisted into the line which was slung round his waist.

"Feorach's got him," he gasped; "but Cott knows if he can keep him! Look yonder!"

"At the end of the taut line, close to the broken ledge of ice, the dog paddled in the water, his teeth clenched in the clothing of an inert body. Gallantly Feorach struggled to get a footing on the ice. With cheery words of encouragement to him, I, too, laid hold of the line and pulled with might and main. But it was hopeless. To have got the dog up by himself would have been a hard job enough; with the man's dead weight added, it was impossible. "Staunch and true, the noble brute held on.

"Keep the line taut, Duncan," I said, "and I'll get on to the floor boards."

"Kneeling on one, pushing the other before me, cautiously I approached the brink. With the line still tight, shortening it as he came, Cameron crawled after me. And, just in the nick of time, I caught Feorach by the collar, while Duncan seized the man by his.

"Five long minutes of frantic endeavor, and we had them out. The ice creaked and swayed ominously.

"Back, back for our lives!" shouted Cameron.

"Trailing, tugging, stumbling, straining, at last we fell exhausted on the bank, the dog making, all the while, desperate efforts to lick the unconscious man's face and hands.

"A few minutes of deep panting, and Duncan roused himself.

"Iss it dead he will be, after ahl?" he said, and turned to the stranger. "Cosh be with us! It's but wan leg the creature hass, whatever!" Then, as the moon's rays fell full upon the white face, he uttered an exceeding loud and bitter cry: "Ian, Ian! Oh, Cott, my son, my son!"

The auld Laird loudly blew his nose and lustily cleared his throat, then he searched his pockets for his cutty pipe.

"Now, if you and I would be reading that in a story book, 'By Jove, that fellow's a champion liar!' we would say. . . . But it's a true tale, for all that; ay, ay, it is that. . . .

The impatient lad had come up by the night train, he could not endure to waste the night in the little town, he would not take the long six-mile journey over the snow-blocked road round the head of the loch, when, over the ice, but half a mile lay between him and his mother's door. . . .

"My father, I mind, got Ian a new leg," continued the Laird pensively; "but he was never again so feet a man as he had been. . . .

"That's Feorach VI. beside you. Down, my man, down! We're not wanting you, yet."

The dog crouched obediently, his deep, dark eyes followed every movement of his adored master.

"Ay, ay, Duncan and his wife are both dead and gone now, and Ian went to Canada, like many more of his kind that we can ill spare from poor auld Scotland."

A flash lit up the Laird's eye, with a quick, fierce movement, he struck a match.

"But all the same, young man," he said, "I'm thinking that, at Paardeberg, Cronje and his merry men found that Ian's grandson was a chip of the old block!"—Black and White.

## JENNY LIND AT OXFORD.

Her Marvelous Voice Converts a Confirmed Music Hater.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young"—in the last century—she apparently had few votaries in academic Oxford, to judge from "Reminiscences of Oxford," by the Rev. W. Tuckerell, who declares that to be musical was considered bad form, and for a man to be able to play upon the piano was looked upon almost as a vice.

The professional musician was looked upon as an inferior, to be paid for his services, but to be kept socially at a distance; and not until Jenny Lind came, in 1848, was there any real musical awakening.

On the day after the concert she came, veiled and incognito, to New College Chapel; but the subwarden, Stacpoole, near whose stall she sat, detected her. It happened that the hall was lighted and its piano open for the Thursday glee-club practice.

Stacpoole, after showing her the chapel, cunningly brought her on to see the hall, by this time filled with men, and unceremoniously asked if she would sing. She looked surprised, but unaffectedly consented, bade the lady with her accompanist, and sang to us a cavatina from "Der Freischuetz."

She told us that A. P. Stanley, who had no ear and hated music, or, at least, was bored by it, usually left the room when she warbled. But hearing her one day sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he told her that she had given him an idea of what people mean by music. Only once before, he said, the same feeling had come over him, when, in front of the palace at Vienna, he had heard a tattoo performed by four hundred drummers.

## A Dog-Gone Shame.

Frederick W. Duntun, a nephew of the late Austin Corbin, recently owned a coach dog of high degree, but otherwise of such a low condition that when he disappeared from Mr. Duntun's home at Hollis, Queens Borough, Mr. Duntun in his joy invited friends to dinner to celebrate. But Mrs. Duntun mourned.

A few days later Alfred J. Eno, a friend of the Duntuns, saw the missing dog in Jamaica. He recognized it and telephoned to Mrs. Duntun to inquire if she wanted the dog returned. Of course she did, and would gladly pay a boy half a dollar to fetch the dog to her. Eno told a newsboy to take the dog to Mrs. Duntun in Hollis and collect 50 cents. On the way the boy met Mr. Duntun.

"Here, boy; where are you taking that dog?" asked Duntun, suspiciously. "To his home, sir," said the boy. "No you don't," asserted Duntun, emphatically.

"I'm to collect 50 cents from Mrs. Duntun," said the boy.

"Forget it and take this," said Duntun, diving down into his pocket. "By the way, you want a fine looking dog like this, don't you? Well, he's yours. Now run away home and lose yourself."

Duntun plans to tell his wife about the dog next Christmas.

"What I fear," said Duntun to a friend, "is that that boy will meet me on the street some day and return both my money and the dog."

## Put New Blood into Your Business.

The up-to-date professional adviser or business doctor, when called to examine a shrinking, declining business, often finds the patient barely alive; the circulation being so sluggish that he can hardly find the pulse. In a desperate case like this he says to the proprietor: "You must put new blood into this business. There is no life in it. There is no energy, no push, no enterprise here. When a patient gets as low as this one, there are only two things to do: let him die, or infuse new blood into his veins and try to resuscitate him."—Success Magazine.

After a man has nibbled, it often requires a shrewd girl to land him. The trouble seems to be that the girls let them nibble too often. They should be landed high and dry at the first bite.

Some men, who are supposed to work, have mighty little to do.

## THE "LEAVITT" SHOTGUN.

How a Willy Collector Got Possession of a Prized Relic.

All is fair in love, war, or collecting. A writer in Army and Navy Life tells how he finally got possession of the coveted "Leavitt shotgun"—a weapon with a romantic history. It is supposed to have been left in Portland, Me., by an English lord, who came to this country to find a family black sheep, in the shape of a younger brother. The gun had four barrels, so arranged that the lower pair could be revolved into position as soon as the upper pair had been fired. The writer had come upon a farmer who offered to show him his collection, never suspecting that his guest was a connoisseur.

I recognized the Leavitt gun the moment it came through the doorway. My heart jumped so I wondered that he didn't ask what was the matter with me. I didn't touch that gun for a long time. I handled most of the others and priced some of them. Finally I ventured:

"That is a curious-looking gun. Where did you get it?"

"That? Why, lemme see. I bought that off'n Tim Brown just before he died. Thought I could make a dollar or two, mebbe, on account of its havin' four shots instead of two. But I paid putty high for it, and so couldn't sell it cheap; an' then it's so tarnal heavy—weighs thirteen pounds—the boys wouldn't buy it. I was disgusted with myself, so I jest wrapped it up and laid it away in a meal-chest, and it's been there ever since."

I looked it over critically, balanced it, hefted it, and aimed it at the spot where I came out of the woods.

"What do you want for this gun?" I asked, indifferently, laying it across my knees.

He hesitated some time, apparently debating with himself whether, judging from my appearance, I would stand a good charge.

"Wal, I tell ye," he finally said, "how will a dollar a barrel suit ye?"

"Fine," said I, passing him two two-dollar bills.

"Can't I sell ye another, or mebbe two or three, for a spec?" he asked.

"I'll just stand this one inside the door, as one bought already," said I, suiting the action to the word, "and we will look the others over again."

About then a newcomer arrived.

"Just what I came to see," said he, smiling, and indicating the heap of guns. "I heard of your guns in Nock-it, and I came right over to see them. I live in New York, and I collect firearms for a hobby, especially during vacation."

"Firearms are my hobby, too," I said. "I have about four hundred, antique and curious ones together."

Isalah Day's expression was something to see.

The stranger and I looked over the pile of guns together, but they were cheap percussion and breech-loading shotguns, altered flint-muskets and worn-out rifles. There was nothing there that we wanted. Day didn't urge us to buy any, but chewed a straw, and had a far-away look in his eyes.

The stranger and I rose to go. I reached within the door and swung the gun out on to my shoulder. The stranger straightened as if he were stung. His eyes opened wide and his mouth opened, too.

"Did you get that here?"

"Just as you came out of the woods," I said.

"Is it the Leavitt gun?"

"It really is," I answered.

We started along together. Day came, too.

"What did you say your name is?" he asked me.

"Sawyer."

"I don't seem to remember any Sawyer in Nock-it."

"Probably not. I don't live there—I spend my summers there—my home is in Boston."

"O-ho," said he, "you're a city man! What do you want of that gun?"

"Just to look at," I answered, genially.

"I don't believe it. There's some mystery about it. I believe I'd order asked you more for it; if I'd been bright I bet you'd paid another dollar a barrel for it."

"Maybe I would," said I, "but it is too late now."

## BRAND NEW SOCIETY GAME.

"Thought Transference" Is in Line With Current Tendencies.

One of the new games with which society is amusing itself is called thought transference. How much of scientific value it possesses each must judge for herself, but certainly it supplies a great deal of amusement. To arrange it the person to be the "subject" is sent out of the room. Two players are chosen to transfer the thought, and these decide on what simple test the player will be required to perform. He may be required to pick up a book, to arrange a cushion or to touch the keys of the piano. The rest of the company is informed what the required test will be. The "subject" is readmitted, and those who are to guide him stand on each side and hold his hands. These "thought transferers," as well as the rest of the company, center their minds on the thing to be done. In eight cases out of ten, it is said, the "subject" wends his way, still holding the hands of the "transferers," toward the appointed object and does what is required of him. The audience probably will demand several "subjects" and experiments before its curiosity is satisfied.

## ENDURANCE OF THE HORSE.

Driven Daily, the Distance He Can Go Is Not Great.

"What is a fair day's work for a horse?" is a frequent question and very difficult to answer. The London bus horse does eighteen miles a day, at a rate of seven miles an hour in double harness with a four-ton bus; a pair of post horses used to do twenty-six miles with a one-ton coach at eight miles going and six returning.

"I have known the horse in the heavy deer van of H. M. Buckhounds to do over eighty miles in a day," says a writer in Country Life in America, "but they were never worked more than twice a week. A good horse will trot his twenty or thirty miles a day for several days consecutively, but cannot keep it up; he may do sixty miles in one day, but then must have a rest the next."

"Small horses, other things being equal, stand more work and recover more quickly than big horses. Some remarkable instances of the powers of ponies are given in William Day's book, which records a run of 107 miles in fourteen hours by two boys on ponies, and one of 172 miles in twenty-three and a half hours by a twelve-hand pony (led), which beat the coach from London to Exeter; the times given included all stops.

"Town work, on account of the frequent stops and the hard pavement, induces fatigue, and especially leg weariness, sooner than country life. Two horses worked well within their powers will always prove more economical in the end than one that is habitually driven to the utmost limit of his capacity."

"There are, however, many cases where from different causes one horse represents what the schoolboy called the 'irreducible maximum,' then the animal par excellence to be bought is the cob, though he will not be too easy to find in this country, where the love of fast trotters has dominated the question of general utility."

"Yet the true cob, sturdy in build, with plenty of bone but enough blood to keep him from being sluggish, is one of the most useful specimens of the equine race. Well under fifteen hands, he is easy to mount and sufficiently short in his stride to be a comfortable hack for even elderly men, and he is up to quite a considerable weight; in harness he is sprightly, quite fast enough for ordinary purposes, and being low and thick is capable of a surprising power of draft."

"In England, where he is as common as he is rare here, he is the mainstay of the small and the general drudge of the large establishment, and is usually an ornament to both. He should carry his head well, have undoubted good shoulders, a short back, and powerful quarters, being, in short, a big horse in a small compass."

## PAY-DAY.

It was pay day, and every one had got his envelope before the dinner hour. Some of the men had gone out quietly as soon as the little packet had been handed to them, only to return again to their desks. At noon there was a slight let-up in the work, as half the force prepared to go out to get something to eat.

"I like pay day," said a thin man, "because then I always spend 10 cents more for lunch, and it makes me feel better all the rest of the day."

"You ought to eat more, anyway," said the stout old clerk, eyeing the smaller man with disfavor. "I spend all my extra money on food. Not being married, I have to have some extravaganzas."

"I don't call being married an extravagance," remarked a third. "It costs about once and a half as much to keep two as it does to keep one. As a matter of fact, I have saved money—or rather my wife has—by it."

"Saved money!" exclaimed one who was struggling out of a tattered office coat into his neatly pressed street jacket. "I don't see how any one can save money, not in this world, at any rate. It costs so much to keep up appearances!"

"I guess you're right," said the faded cheerful man, who had worked there the longest. "I found that out when I was your age, and I decided that there are lots of things better than appearances. I've got 'em in my room, any time you'd like to see. Anybody going to Cutter's to eat?"

No one cared to just then, and the faded man went out alone.

"What did he mean?" inquired the married man. "What has he got in his room?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the stout clerk. "His wife died, you know, about ten years back, and he's been living by himself. Collects books and pictures. Spends his money that way. I'd rather eat."

"So'd I. Or buy clothes," said the stylish youth.

"I wouldn't," said the married man, emphatically. "I know how he feels. His wife died, you say? I never knew that before. He put his hat on. 'I think I'll go to Cutter's to-day.'"

## They Need It All.

"How long does it take a correspondence school student to graduate?"

"That depends."

"On his mentality?"

"No; on how much money he has."—Houston Post.

We never knew a woman or a boy who wouldn't run a mile to see a fire.





# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE VALUE OF THE GREAT LAKES.



LAST year the passenger traffic on the Great Lakes totaled 16,000,000 persons. The freight rate by water from Duluth to Buffalo is one-seventh of the rate by rail. Statisticians estimate that if the total lake traffic had used the railroads it would have cost \$500,000,000 more than it did. These

figures but roughly indicate the tremendous value of inland waterways and faintly foreshadow the possible development of our lakes and rivers.

Every twelve minutes, night and day, during 1908, a steamer passed through the Detroit river, and the busiest month showed an average of forty a day arriving and clearing at Duluth. With such a traffic already on the lakes, what will it be when the rivers of the Northwest are opened up, when Canada builds a deep sea waterway from Georgian bay to the Ottawa, and steamships from Chicago can reach any foreign port by way of the Mississippi valley?

How many know that the Canadian government is preparing to connect Lake Winnipeg with Lake Superior by the Rainy river route, and thus render five hundred miles of the Assiniboine, a thousand miles of the Saskatchewan and much of the Red river eventually navigable, bringing the great wheat belt into touch with tide-water and steamship connection with every port of the seven seas?

The Great Lakes freight to-day is seven times the total tonnage of the Suez canal. When the improvements even now in prospect are completed the natural center of distribution for the United States will be the southern end of Lake Michigan, and Chicago will be the greatest seaport of the world.—Chicago Journal.

## THE JAPANESE.



THE desire of the Asiatics to make a home in the United States is a matter of fifty years' knowledge.

The Chinese were the earliest to seek us out, and until the gates were put up, contrived to come by the thousands year after year. The closed door, however, put a check on this. Since prohibition was enforced their numbers have declined. In the decade from 1890 to 1900 they decreased from 126,778 to 119,050, and the census of 1910 undoubtedly will show another loss.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have been increasing. They have multiplied six times over in the ten years terminating in 1900, going from 14,399 to 85,986. They are free to come in. There are 100,000 under the flag, more than half being in Hawaii. Their presence is especially objected to by California, where they become farmers, servants, laborers and merchants of varying degrees of importance. They are charged with resorting to dishonesty and sharp practices in bargaining and to be destitute of the morals which Americans deem essential for the civilization they have created. They can underbid labor and undersell the white farmer, and they

do. They are a bone of contention, and our government officials are put to their wits' end to keep California from adopting laws against them which would offend, perhaps anger, the Japanese nation.

The singular thing about it is that the Asiatics have turned longing eyes upon us, while, if they gaze southward, they will find countries quite as rich as ours in which they can find homes and perhaps a welcome—something denied them here. Why not take to Brazil or the other South American States which are striving to attract immigrants? In the cities there are no labor unions to antagonize and in the country the farmers would not object to them, for the natives are not over-industrious or ambitious.

This is the solution of the Eastern Asiatic immigration problem: Overrun South America, where labor is cheap and morals are of the easy sort. The Chinese and Japanese would fit in with these people and have easy sailing. The soil is rich and the industry of the newcomers would be well rewarded. Here they are objectionable from several points of view; there they would harmonize with the dwellers, made up of Caucasian, Indian and negro strains, and be content.—Utica Globe.

## THE TRIALS OF WIRELESS.



WIRELESS has proved a boon to mankind. But wireless has its own troubles. There is not enough air in the congested districts to carry all the messages. Complaint is made that the wireless operators in and about New York harbor are too fond of gossip. They load the atmosphere with confidential social gossamer, which is meant to be passed on to some "pal" on the other side of the harbor, but which "jams" with a real message carrying information of importance, and the two become a blur of words without sense. Happily the appeals of Jack Binns fell upon an atmosphere not too much occupied with the trivial, and hence got early attention. But even in this case there was trouble with amateurs, and Capt. Sealby, advertising to the fact, has declared that there should be governmental regulation of wireless activity until the process is so perfected as to remove this difficulty.

The situation indicates that there is a real demand for rules and regulations for the use of the ether. By wireless the operator with the most powerful battery has the most powerful voice. The great batteries are in the gigantic shore towers which waft messages from shore to shore, even across the Atlantic. They easily drown out the feeble efforts of the ship instrument to be heard. When these message senders get down to trivialities, they become the same nuisance that the talkative "central" used to be. "Central" has long since had a quietus put upon her conversational yearnings. The wireless operator is due for a dose of regulative treatment. Wireless has been proved to be too vital a factor in the service of the public to be made the plaything of anyone.—Minneapolis Journal.

## DECIDED HIS FATE.

Widow Brown's Hatpins Caused Widower to Marry Mrs. Green.

It was one of those expansive moments when the innermost thoughts yield to friendly dinner companionship. The man in the striped brown suit and dull green tie was commenting on the marriage of an employe, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"She is the last girl in the world I'd expect Blank to marry, but then you never can tell what will turn the matrimonial scales. Now, when I was looking for my second wife I was saved by a miracle—no, by hatpins. One's second venture into matrimony is apt to be more deliberate than his first. A man learns the dangers ahead.

"I'd been paying attention to two women—well, call them Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green. Both were widows with comfortable incomes, their full share of good looks and equal physical attractions. The oftener I saw them, either together or apart, the further I was from my decision.

"Finally I took Mrs. Brown to the theater. She was a fussy dresser and always looked swell at the theater. That night she had her hair dressed very high and evidently had no end of trouble keeping on her hat. When we settled in our seat she started to take off her hat. I use the word 'started' with cause. I never saw so many hatpins in all my life as she dragged one by one out of that hat. And the worst of it was that in driving them into the hat, which she held on her lap, she was not thorough. All during the performance those infernal hatpins were slipping from the hat to the floor and I was diving after them.

"The next day I proposed to Mrs. Green, and we've been living happily ever since. I had no picture of myself picking up hatpins to the end of matrimony."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mrs. Nichols dropped the evening paper with a gesture about evenly made up of disgust, despair and determination. "I will never look at the household column again!" she declared. "These women who write and write and tell us other women—who know better—how to make four pies and dumpling out of two quarts of apples make me simply furious!

"Yesterday one of them told how she always fried a big batch of doughnuts, potatoes for the family breakfast and made delicious cookies with half a pound of lard a week. And to-night there's another of these wonders, saying she gets plenty of cream for the cereal off the top of a quart jar of milk, has cocoa twice a day, and all the milk she wants for general cooking—all from a quart—one single quart, Jimmie. It can't be done! Economy is all very well—but such misleading statements do a lot of harm."

"Harm?" Mr. Nichols repeated, tentatively.

"Yes, harm. If I had read such things when I was learning to keep house I should have been miserable because I couldn't do as well with a half pound of lard and a quart of milk. I know better now, of course, but then I should have had my head down on the kitchen table, crying half the time. Such miracles of thrift, such plenty out of little, make men think they've been awfully cheated in their wives, and then they begin to wonder and say, 'Mrs. Toddlekens, in the Eagle, says she can make a peck of potatoes go a month. Why can't you get somewhere near it?'"

"Men don't read the household column," consoled Mr. Nichols.

"Where else do they get their ideas about women's extravagance?" asked Mrs. Nichols, keenly.

"What you have just said reminds me of a story my grandmother used to tell," parried Mr. Nichols, "about a family in our village who were not exactly pretentious but who had a disposition to put the best foot forward, which carried them bravely through considerable deprivation, for they were very poor.

"One day, at the sewing circle, the mother of the household said she had plenty of time for reading because she didn't spend a whole lot of time doing fancy cooking for her family.

"I just give them potatoes and point," said she.

"Nobody had ever heard of 'potatoes and point,' grandmother said, but no one asked what it was. But they investigated quietly, and found that she kept a salt herring nailed in the middle of the table, and there was a dish of potatoes at each end. Every time anybody took a potato he or she pointed his or her fork at the herring. That gave them 'potatoes and point.'"

Mrs. Nichols nodded approvingly. "I respect that woman," she said. "She wasn't going to let on to those other women, who probably had comfortable if not abundant means, that her family went short. It was tricky, perhaps, but not ingloriously so.

"What vexes me to the boiling point," she said, as she took up the paper again, "is this making one caraway seed spice and speckle a whole cake."

## Nothing Doing.

Floorwalker—Can I do anything for you, madam?

Mrs. Kleptomeyer—No, thanks; I don't wish to buy. I'm just out shopping.—Judge.

If you have a hole in your stocking, it is a sign there is a letter in the post office for you.

## THE FUNMAKERS OF AMERICA.

Humor Is the Concealed Weapon of the American.

The national character of the American people is an individual quality, entirely apart from any other expectation in comic effect in other countries, says William Collier, in the New York Times.

Just what an American will do, under a given situation, is always sure to be something of a surprise; it is his habitual custom to do the unexpected. Did you ever know anyone but George Washington, perhaps, to meet any serious crisis with what might be called solemn self-importance? Humor is the American's weapon, a concealed weapon, which his friends never fear, and his enemies can never locate.

I suppose if I had been born in England the best I could do would be to write jokes for Punch, which, good as they are, sometimes, are never quite young enough to dodge the American retorts. I suppose there is the triumph of American humor, that you can't outwit it, and yet there is never a sting or a wound in the sharpest rap of Yankee humor. There is a good deal in building a situation that is funny, but there is a good deal more in being able to meet it with a quick spirit of seriocomic understanding. The unsmiling American, with his dry contradictions of what might be expected of him, is a natural feature of his temperament—it needs no strenuous labor to contrive a humorous effect, for he is actually funny in the presence of his most important responsibility. The American who makes the most laughs for his countrymen, rarely laughs outwardly himself. He enjoys the fun of being funny as naturally as he eats his dinner or sleeps, when he has time.

Making laughs is part of his daily occupation; it makes trade brisker for him, it discovers the real merit of life and betrays the counterfeit. There is no age in a country that makes a common exchange of laughter the ordinary cause of business. How can a man grow old in a country where all are "boys" together and can't help ourselves. Wit is not exactly the word that best makes the American laugh, so much as the boost there is in the laugh that is made in sympathy rather than in triumph.

The Americans laugh with each other, not at each other, and that is only the comic germ in this country, and is the busiest microbe we have. It carries our serious, our financial burdens, our family troubles, our failures and our ambitions for us. We are proud of our comic germ because it does such a heap of work for us that we could never do in any other way.

The laugh makers are the entire American race, on and off the stage.

## Wit of the Youngsters

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me why water runs down hill? Johnny—'Cause it can't walk, I guess.

Little Joe—Mamma, I saw a dog to-day that had only three legs! Mamma—Didn't you feel sorry for him? Little Joe—Course not; he had one more leg than I have.

"Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "what do you think of your new baby sister?" "You'll have to excuse me," replied the 6-year-old diplomat, "but mamma doesn't allow me to use that kind of language."

While the visitor told how he had ridden thirty thrilling miles on the cowcatcher of a locomotive, 5-year-old Lorella listened attentively. As he concluded, she asked: "Did you catch the cow, Mr. Blank?"

Little Ruth was visiting at the home of a small playmate. After dinner she said: "Your papa prays at the table, doesn't he?" "Yes," was the reply. "Doesn't yours?" "Of course not," answered Ruth. "He has rheumatism."

Mother—Where is that lovely ring your Aunt Mary gave you, Nettie? Small Nettie—I lost it. Mother—I might have known it. Did you ever have anything you didn't lose? Small Nettie—Yes, mamma, I never lost my appetite.

## Fire and Water.

A new insurance inspector had just completed his first trip in one of the big office-buildings. He was making up his report in the office of the superintendent of the "sky-scraper."

"Well," said the superintendent, "did you find everything all right?"

"Yes," said the other, with a grin, "all right but in one instance."

"What?"

"It had to do with the buckets in the corridors."

"What was the matter there?" inquired the superintendent. "I had them filled just the other day."

"That's it exactly," replied the official. "The label reads, 'For fire only,' and you have put water in them."

## The Horse Did Not Match.

A Kansas City young man called to take his sweetheart out driving, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal. When the fashionably dressed young woman caught sight of the turnout her admirer hired for the occasion she refused to go.

"Why didn't you go with him?" asked the astonished mother.

"Well, mamma," was the reply, "I think that's a very foolish question. How could I go when the horse he was driving didn't match a single thing I had to wear?"

## FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

All snakes are short-sighted.

Some tropical daisies measure a foot in circumference.

In northern Norway the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22.

About 90 per cent of the world's coal is derived from north of the equator.

The prima nobilis, a shellfish found in the Mediterranean, spins a fine silk.

Japan's earthquake record for fifty years is 27,526. Italy had a few more.

Havana cigars quoted at \$5 each were recently shown at a London tobacco exposition.

About once a year the Queen of Siam wears a state robe which is regarded as the most magnificent in the world.

The best masts are made of the Norwegian fir. The next best in order are spruce fir, American white pine and Scotch pine.

Fifty-six thousand Chinese are resident in the Philippines (about 22,000 in Manila). The net gain in five years has been 3,594.

An electric organ has been invented. A series of vibrators take the place of the reeds. Switches and magnets operate the mechanism.

Five million dollars will be spent to develop a water power 165 miles from Butte, Mont. The electric power will be used in the mines near Butte.

Ordinary corncocks are worth 16 cents for eighty pounds in India. They are ground to a coarse meal, mixed with molasses and used as a food for cattle.

In future Chinese government dispatches will be forwarded by post instead of by courier, and it is expected that \$50,000 a year will thus be saved.

Turkish cigarette manufacturers want Kentucky to grow Turkish tobacco, imports of which have grown from \$25,000 to \$4,000,000 in only twelve years.

To give some idea of the extent of the incandescent lamp industry in this country it is noted that during the year 1907 the General Electric Company disposed of 32,000,000 lamps.

Ernst Haeckel, the venerable scientist, intends to resign at the close of the winter session the professorship of zoology in the University of Jena, which he has held for forty-six years, and give all his time to his phylogenetic museum.

The government of Canada has determined upon a policy of complete restriction of her remaining colonies of beavers. Their near extinction was threatened and only a most rigid enforcement of the present wise law can prevent the entire extinction of this wonderful fur bearer.

That a man is never too old to learn is illustrated by the case of H. G. Whitaker of Pilot Mountain, N. C., a law student at Wake Forest College. Mr. Whitaker is 60. In the same class he has a son, P. H. Whitaker, age 18. The elder Whitaker is making an excellent record as a student, a report says. He has ten children, twenty-seven grandchildren, two of whom voted in the November election, and two great-grandchildren.

Hobson's choice is an expression meaning a choice without an alternative. It is said to have had its origin in the name of one Tobias Hobson, who kept a livery stable at Cambridge, England, in the time of Charles I, and required each customer to take, in his turn, the horse that stood nearest the stable door. In this way no favoritism was shown—all customers being served alike. Milton wrote two humorous epigrams on the death of this eccentric character.

If we except the American descendants of Jerome's first marriage in the United States there are now only three men who bear the name of Bonaparte. Two are bachelors over forty-four, descendants of Jerome's second marriage, and the third a sonless widower of fifty, a descendant of Napoleon's discarded brother Lucien. Josephine's descendants meanwhile sit on many thrones, and include King Edward's grandson, the petted Prince Olaf of Norway.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sydney Rosenfeld once wrote a comedy entitled, "The Optimist," which achieved success after the production, but was a long time reaching the stage. Manager after manager refused the manuscript, and one day Mr. Rosenfeld, whose patience was exhausted, blurted out to his sole auditor: "Of course, you don't appreciate the play! You don't even know the meaning of its name." "Yes, I do," protested the impresario. "Well," insisted Rosenfeld, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" The manager barely hesitated. "An optimist is an eye doctor," he said, "a pessimist is a foot doctor."

Eggs six months old are said to retain their new-laid freshness when preserved by this process, adopted by a firm in the north of England: Acting on the theory that an egg decomposes owing to the entrance of bacteria through the shell, the eggs, by the new process of preservation, are first disinfected and then immersed in a vessel of hot paraffin wax in a vacuum. The air in the shell is extracted by the vacuum, and atmospheric pressure is then allowed to enter the vessel when the hot wax is pressed into the pores of the shell which thus hermetically seals it. Evaporation of the contents of the egg, which has a harmful effect, is thereby prevented, and the egg is practically sterile.

## ALIVE AFTER DEATH.

Parts of the Body Retain Usefulness After Life Has Fled.

In McClure's Burton J. Hendrick describes the experiments in transplanting animal organs conducted at the Rockefeller Institute by Dr. Alexis Carrel. Dr. Carrel preserves animal tissues in cold storage for many weeks.

"To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place. Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts, after we have died ourselves, can in most cases be resuscitated, and that if by some surgical miracle they could be transplanted into another body they would quickly resume their functions. This, however, is a well-demonstrated medical fact. The human heart has been removed from the body more than thirty hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel himself has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the aorta with the carotid artery of the new heart, and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of 88 and the other 100.

"Science has yet framed no precise definition of death. The human body teems and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness. The healthy man hardly realizes the numerous and complex activities of his internal organs. The alimentary canal is the abiding place of millions of micro-organisms, the activities of which only occasionally influence our daily life. Bodily tissue everywhere is constantly breaking down and constantly building up; and yet it is only in the last few years that even science has begun to understand the beautiful chemical reactions involved in the process."

## A Change for the Better.

The life-long domicile of an old lady was situated several feet south of the dividing line of Virginia and North Carolina, and when that section of the country was resurveyed it was discovered that the line ran a few feet south of the property in question. They broke the news to the old lady that from then on she was to be a resident of Virginia. "That's good," she exclaimed; "I've always heard that North Carolina was an unhealthy State to live in."—Success Magazine.

## Economy.

"When Withersby's first child was born he distributed cigars."

"I remember."

"When his last child was born he had to quit smoking."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## THE HEROINE OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE.



The Queen of Italy has established herself in the hearts of the Italian people as she has never done before by her magnificent work at Messina, where she displayed in a striking manner the physical endurance which marks her people. The third of the four daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, she was born in Cetinje in 1872 and was married to the King of Italy (then Prince of Naples) in 1896. She has three daughters—Yolanda, Mafalda and Giovanna—and there was great rejoicing when a son, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, was born in 1904. For a time the Queen did not speak Italian very fluently, but she has now quite mastered her adopted language. By a curious coincidence her paternal house is more in the public eye at this moment than it has been for years, owing to the antagonistic attitude the Montenegrins have taken up with regard to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria. Queen Helena visited London a year or two ago.

## \$160,000 Worth of Counterfeits.

"You think our American millionaires buy a good many fake pictures?" M. Rochefort laughed. "It's pitiful! It's shameful! But what can they expect? It's their own fault for buying pictures as they buy lumber or steel rails—according to specifications. I'll never forget the last pictures I was asked to look at by a rich American. He was so proud of them! So convinced that they were masterpieces! There were forty in all, and they had cost him 800,000 francs. It was a bargain all right if they had been genuine, for there were great names in the lot; several old masters, a Diaz, a Theodore Rousseau, a Daubigny, and

several Corots—the usual millionaire assortment.

"Well," he said, as I studied them.

"Some of them are well done," I admitted.

"Ah," he purred.

"But they're not genuine."

"What! You mean you've found a counterfeit?"

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, but—they're all counterfeits."—Success Magazine.

No matter how hard a mother tries to find the Uplift in every detail of domestic duty, she can't find any trace of it in the task of wiping the children's noses.



# Does Your Back Ache?

If you are a woman and you have this symptom get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound without delay. Backache seems an invention of the evil one to try woman's souls. Only those who suffer this way can understand the wearing, ceaseless misery.

We ask all such women to read the two following letters for proof that Mrs. Pinkham's medicine cures backache caused by female diseases.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — "I have been a great sufferer with a constant pain in my back. I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it, and the pain has disappeared. I feel like a new woman since that awful pain has gone, and may God bless the discoverer of that great and wonderful remedy." — Mrs. Peter Gaffney, 548 Marcey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world about it."

"I suffered from female troubles and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I am ready to tell every one what this medicine has done for me." — Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made thousands of cures of such cases. You notice we say has cured thousands of cases. That means that we are telling you what it *has* done, not what we *think* it will do. We are stating facts, not guesses.

We challenge the world to name another remedy for female ills which has been so successful or received so many testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



## Opportunity Knocks But Once

One three-story brick business house good location. A bargain if sold at once.

One large ten room frame residence. Price \$2,100.00. A BARGAIN.

One large nine room residence. Modern in every respect. Located near center of city. \$6,500. Part trade.

One six room brick and several small frame residences in good locations.

400, 300 and 200 acre farms in good condition, for sale at a bargain.

We have farms of any size, kind and location to suit you. Talk to us about them.

## Reinhardt & Saltmarsh

104½ West Second Street.



### REPAIRING AS IS REPAIRING

that's ours. There's a difference in repairing; day and night are not more unlike than our way of doing things and what you'll often find elsewhere. Give yourself the benefit of the highest skill, an intimate knowledge of cycle construction and reasonable prices. Bicycle tinkers only hurry a wheel to its finish by making a mess of an important job.

W. A. Carter & Son  
East Second Street

Weithoff-Kernan  
Merchant  
Tailoring

Baldwin Pianos  
Weithoff-Kernan  
Music Co.

Advertise in The REPUBLICAN. It PAYS

## THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH } Editors and Publishers  
EDW. A. REMY }

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

**DAILY**  
One Year.....\$5 00  
Six Months..... 2 50  
Three Months..... 1 25  
One Month..... 42  
One Week..... 10

**WEEKLY**  
One Year in Advance.....\$1 00

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1909

THE result in Delaware county was somewhat a surprise to both "wet" and "dry". The dry majority of 2,934 in that county was greater by far than was figured. Even Muncie voted dry by 220 majority. Every township in the county voted dry.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE is to head the committee that will prepare the Philippine tariff bill. This is a responsibility of large importance but no man in the senate is so well informed on the Philippine Islands as Senator Beveridge. He is just the man to head this special committee.

THE Governor has been stirred up by reports that prize fights are being pulled off at South Bend and Indianapolis and has directed the prosecutors to get busy. There is no excuse for not enforcing the law against prize fighting. The great mass of the people will support any officer in an honest effort to enforce the law.

### TERSE TELEGRAMS

In a free-for-all fight at Clendenin, W. Va., Claude Hensley, chief of police, was fatally stabbed by Joe Shivent.

Edward Payson Weston, the transcontinental walker, expects to reach St. Louis by 4:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Frank Gotch successfully defended his title as wrestling champion of the world against Dr. Benjamin F. Roller, of Seattle.

After seven days the jury that is to try Captain Peter C. Hains for the murder of William E. Annis has been completed.

The Australian government has ordered in Europe six dirigible balloons and six aeroplanes for purposes of experiment.

Sixteen persons were injured, one perhaps fatally, in a tornado, which destroyed a large part of the town of Centrahoma, Okla.

A. F. McGarr, Democrat, representing the anti-negro ticket was elected mayor of Muskogee over Ira L. Reeves, Republican, by a small majority.

The big shoe workers' strike at Portsmouth, Ohio, has been declared off excepting at the Selby plant, against which it was originally inaugurated by the lasters twelve weeks ago.

### \$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co. Toledo O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Harmony Hall

The best place for a Piano, Organ, Talking Machine, Sheet Music or Post Cards. Everything new and fresh. See the new line of Century Music at 10 cents a copy. Finest in town. Watch for our special sale of Popular Music in a few days. The place for the cheapest and best.

Weithoff-Kernan Music Co.

### Good Teeth a Necessity TO ENJOY LIFE

Note the following reasonable prices:

Quality and workmanship guaranteed  
Set of Teeth - - \$8.00  
Gold Crowns, (22K) - \$5.00  
Bridge Work - - \$5.00  
Fillings, 75 cents and up.

Extracting Painless with Nitrous Oxide Gas. Examination Free.

Dr. R. G. Haas

No. 7 West Second St., Seymour, Ind.

## HIGHWAYMEN KILL OFFICER

Logansport, Ind., April 28.—In a desperate battle with holdup men here this morning Patrolman Kroeger was shot and mortally wounded by one of the holdup men.

The patrolman came upon the men and demanded that they surrender. The men started to run. The officer followed and the highwaymen turned and fired upon him. The patrolman was picked up in a dying condition and taken to the hospital.

### NOT A CANDIDATE

Taggart Sets at Rest Mayoralty Rumors Concerning Him.

Indianapolis, April 28.—National Committeeman Taggart has taken himself entirely out of the range of being a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor of Indianapolis. Several times he has declared that he would not make the race, but a host of party workers, Democratic and Republican, have persisted in booming him because he had not said he would not accept the office. Taggart has now gone beyond his former statements and asserts that he not only will not be a candidate, but that he will not accept the office. "Not for love nor money could I be induced to become a candidate for mayor or accept the office," said he emphatically. Taggart said that he is spending his time at French Lick looking after his business interests and that he is not paying any attention to Indianapolis politics. "I do not know who will be nominated by the Democrats," said he. "This is the first time I have been in town for a month and I am not in touch with the local situation."

The will of David Turple, who died last week, has been filed in probate court. His daughter, Mary E. Turple, was made executrix of the estate. The will is short, and the whole of the estate, real and personal, is left to the daughter. It is estimated that the personal estate is worth about \$20,000, but no estimate has yet been placed on the real estate, which consists of the Meridian-street residence, some other rental property in Indianapolis, and property in White county. Mr. Turple expressed the wish in his will that the "funeral be conducted in a private and inexpensive manner, without ceremony other than the reading of the funeral service as set forth in the book of common prayer."

The State Board of Tax Commissioners has heard the last tales of woe from the railroad companies of the state and has gone into extended executive session in order to make the annual assessments against properties coming under the jurisdiction of the board. The tales last heard were a continuation of the complaints of hard times following the industrial depression, of idle freight cars, decreased earnings and little prospect for immediate revival of business, although one speaker said he believed "things would brighten up" when the tariff war was over.

Wm. Schoppenhorst, member of the Board of Public Safety, who has been mentioned as a probable candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor, says he will make an announcement of some kind within the next two or three days. It is the understanding that he will not be a candidate. Senator M. H. Farrell, who has also been talked of as a Democratic candidate, says he doesn't know whether or not he will make the race.

### VICTORY FOR LOCAL OPTION

Saloons at Muncie Go Down in Utter Defeat.

Muncie, Ind., April 28.—By a majority of 2,952, Delaware county, including the city of Muncie, voted "dry" Tuesday, recording the greatest victory won by the temperance hosts under the Indiana local option law.

The result was not surprising to anti-saloon league leaders, who were confident they would win by at least 2,000. However, in their estimates they claimed the county by about 1,500.

The defeat is regarded as a disaster for the liquor interests, as Muncie is a union labor and factory stronghold with a brewery and eighty saloons. The "wets" have been working at Muncie for three or four months, preparing for the conflict. The rest of the county was "dry" and it was realized that the "wet" element must roll up a majority of 2,000 in Muncie to hold the county. Both sides were well organized and well supplied with money. A very large vote was cast as a house-to-house canvass had been made.

### Printing Plant Destroyed.

Cincinnati, April 28.—The printing establishment of C. J. Krebhiel & Co., at Hunt street and Broadway, was visited by a fire that practically gutted the middle section of the building. The loss to stock, presses, typesetting machines and binderies will amount to about \$75,000. Three linotypers at work in the building had a narrow escape from suffocation.

May wheat opened at \$1.22@1.22½ on the Chicago board today.

## When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.**

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.



## SEYMOUR DRY GOODS CO.

We offer price inducements in Floor Coverings and Furnishings—for the house cleaning time which is at hand.

The matchless assortment of Rugs, Linoleums, Carpets, Matting, Lace Curtains and Draperies that are here for you to select from.

The very attractive prices, which are lower than our competitors, make it distinctly to your advantage to select your house furnishings here.

Style distinction, superb material and excellent tailoring are strong points in our collection of Spring Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Waists.

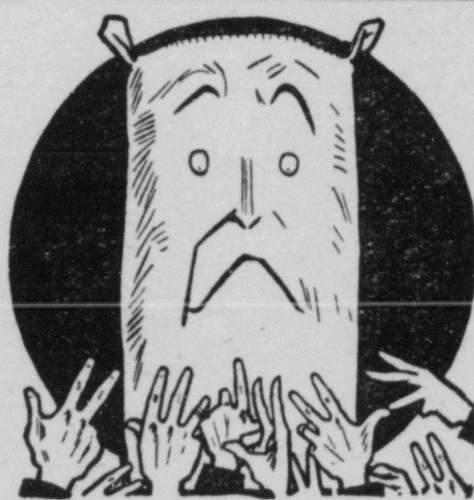
Come and see, no trouble to show goods.

## Claypool & Fry

Successors to L. F. Miller & Co.

## Ebner Ice and Cold Storage Company

BOTH PHONES NO. 4.



Every minute—every hour—Upward goes the price of flour.

In demand. Our goods always in demand—day in day out our line of

### RAYMOND CITY COAL

cannot be beaten for quality and high value. It's a hummer. Everybody who buys satisfied. You too, if you only try. Why not today?

\$3.75 per ton.

## Dr. H. I. Sherwood

Specialty: Chronic Disease

Office:—10½ North Chestnut Street  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

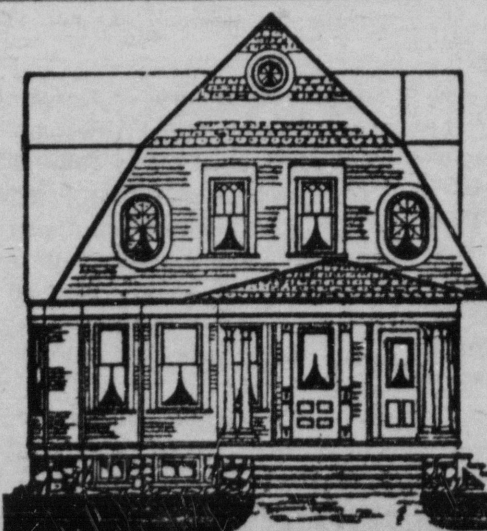
## Are You Going to Build

A House, Cottage or Bungalow? If so, let me help you plan. Plans and specifications FREE.

See me about Parquet Floors and Wood Carpets.

W. A. WYLIE

409 East Third Street.  
Phone 380.







# Blue Serge Suits

are one of the most popular garments of the season. We have a large range in either two or three piece, plain or "sporty cut."

**\$12.00, \$15.00  
\$18.00,  
\$20.00 and up.**

Colors all warranted.

## The Hub

The Home of Correct Clothes

### PERSONAL.

Lowry Foster was in the city this morning.

O. L. Martin was here from Scottsburg Monday.

Burt Leach was here from Columbus Tuesday night.

John Mayberry, of Brownstown, was here today.

Dr. W. A. Millis was here from Hanover this morning.

E. E. Gudgel was here from North Vernon yesterday.

Vincenzo Allegro, made a business trip to Brownstown.

T. S. Blish made a business trip to Indianapolis morning.

Mrs. Carl Hodapp came up from Medora this morning.

H. M. George was here from Bedford Sunday morning.

Attorney Henry Prince came up from Brownstown this morning.

Clyde Robertson was here from Honeytown this morning.

Carl R. Semans, of Washington, was here Monday evening.

E. Trautman, of Columbus, was in the city Tuesday evening.

Judge John M. Lewis transacted business in Indianapolis today.

William Welsh, the court reporter, went to Brownstown this morning.

George Andy Robertson went west this morning on the accommodation.

Tom Groub made a business trip west this morning on the B. & O.-S-W.

Anthony McGinty, of N. Broadway, went west this morning on the accommodation.

George I. Davis, of Redding township, was a passenger to Brownstown Monday.

Miss Wilma Hampson came up from Medora this morning on a short visit with friends.

Tom Plunkett, roadmaster on the Pennsylvania line, as here from Columbus this morning.

John Hunsucker, of Vallonia, was an eastbound passenger this morning on the B. & O. S-W.

Master Freddie Whitcomb returned home Monday from a short visit with relatives at Hayden.

J. F. McCurdy, the city engineer, was a westbound passenger this morning on the B. & O.

Mrs. J. V. Hinderlider, was here from Medora Monday evening and remained in the city over night.

L. A. Winterberg, of Franklin, who is interested in a lecture bureau, was in the city Monday morning.

Charles Lambring was here from Sauers Tuesday afternoon to attend the funeral of Rev. Philip Schmidt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graham have gone to Indianapolis to attend the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star.

Mrs. Ed Lester and Mrs. Bertha Williams, of Crothersville, were here yesterday visiting Mrs. J. T. Himler.

M. F. Everback has returned from Madison where he spent a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. George Atkinson.

John McClintock, of Reddingtown, was in town today the first time for several weeks. He has been sick for some time.

Mrs. Carroll Bush and little son Donald have returned from a two weeks visit with relatives near Osgood and at Cincinnati.

S. A. Barnes, Bert Kasting and Thomas M. Honan were among the Seymour attorneys who went to Brownstown this morning to attend court.

Isaac Colglazier, of Salem, passed through the city today en route to his home where he will remain till after the local option election in Washington county which occurs next Friday.

Mrs. Henry Schroelucke and her son, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poppenhaus and family, of Waymansville, and other relatives for the past five months, returned to their home at McFarland, Kan. Monday.

Miss Celia Nayrocker accompanied Misses Crane and Aufderhede and Mr. Hancock to Crothersville Monday evening to attend the commencement exercises of the Crothersville high school. They all returned home on a late car.

Samuel Myers came down from Indianapolis again Saturday evening to spend a few days with friends while he is resting up from the injuries which he received in an accident while breaking on the Big Four several days ago.

J. N. White, the faithful watchman at the Second street crossing, is taking a week's lay off and left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Indianapolis and Greentown, Ind. and at Springfield, O. It is not often that Mr. White takes a lay off for several days.

W. H. Sparks was a passenger from here to New York City this morning by way of the Pennsylvania line. Other longer distance passengers out over this road recently were three to Chicago yesterday one to Evansville, last night, one to Palmyra, Mo. one to Nashville, Tenn.

# Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Linoleums, DRAPERIES

## Irresistible Inducements for Early Buying

There will, no doubt, be something needed to brighten up your home this spring; if not a new RUG or CARPET, a LINOLEUM, perhaps, or some LACE CURTAINS or DRAPERIES. The need of something new will be noted when inevitable "house-cleaning time" comes around. Don't wait until house-cleaning time—anticipate your needs, buy now, and save a tidy sum on your purchases. **SALE NOW GOING ON.**

### Rugs

Brussels Rug—9x11 Room size... **\$7.95**  
 Brussels Rug—9x12 Room size... **\$11.95**  
 Brussels Rug—9x12, made in one piece without seams... **\$14.95**  
 Axminster Rug—9x12. The well known Smith brand... **\$17.45**  
 Brussels Rug—Extra size, 11-3x12 Fine quality... **\$16.95**  
 Velvet Rugs—27x54, a large variety **\$1.19**  
 Axminster Rugs—27x54 for... **\$1.69**  
 Axminster Rugs—36x72 for... **\$2.89**  
 Smyrna Rugs—30x60 for... **85c**  
 Crex Grass Rugs—9x12 room size **\$7.95**  
 Remnants—of Carpets and Matting marked down to almost one-half price.

### Carpetings

Granite Ingrains—25c value, special... **17c**  
 Quarter Wool Ingrain—35c value, special... **28c**  
 Half Wool Ingrain—50c value, special **38c**  
 All Wool Ingrain—10 patterns to select from, 65c value, special... **48c**  
 Extra Super All Wool Ingrain—15 patterns to select from, 70c and 75c value, special... **57c**  
 Brussels Carpet—8 wire, 65c quality... **48c**  
 Brussels Carpet—9 wire, Smith's 85c quality, special... **68c**  
 All Wool Velvet Carpet. \$1.00 quality **82c**  
 Axminster Carpet—\$1.35 quality at... **95c**  
 Lowell Ingrain Carpets—The best Extra Super made, new patterns **62c**

## THE GOLD MINE Department Store

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

# Fire Insurance

Now is the best time to have your furniture or any other property insured. Don't be without

## Fire Insurance

as you will need it some time. Policies issued on short notice.

## Geo. Schaefer

Real Estate and General Insurance  
First National Bank Building

---

## LEWIS HOUSE

NEW PROPRIETOR  
MRS. J. W. BUCHANAN  
Good Meals, Clean Beds and Kind Treatment  
Special Dinners on Sunday. Give us a Call

### WANT ADVERTISING

FOR RENT—Nice furnished room, 527 West Second street. m4dly

FOR SALE—Practically new bed, springs and mattress. Call here. a30d

FOR RENT—Four down stair rooms. Inquire at 404 E. Second St. a28d

FOR RENT—Nice furnished room, 527 West Second street. a28d

FOR RENT—Five ground floor rooms, yard, centrally located. Call here. a30d

WANTED—Man with horse and buggy to distribute and demonstrate a Farm Implement. The position will pay \$125 per month to right man. Call at once for Tilley, New Commercial Hotel. a28d

### Weather Indications.

Showers tonight and Thursday, rising temperature.

### Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
April 28, 1909,	65	32

There was a light frost last night.

### The President's Speech.

The president of the Hewitt Bros Soap Company, Dayton, Ohio says: "Buy two cakes of Easy Task soap for ten cents, use one bar and if it isn't just what we say it is, you get your money back in a jiffy." It is a strong claim to say that Easy Task soap cuts the work of washday in half but the fact can be proven by the evidence of thousands of delighted women.

Thomas Taggart and his family passed through the city in a big touring car this afternoon en route from Indianapolis to French Lick.

Have your Spring and Summer Suit made by

## SCIARRA BROS.

the only tailors in Seymour, and save agents commission. Ladies' and gents' clothes cleaned, repaired and altered. 4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour. Phone 37.

---

## J. F. FICKEN

Tin and Slate Roofing, Gutting and Spouting, Cornice Work, Furnace Work, General Repair Work. Phone: Mutual 480. 611 W. Fourth St., Seymour, Ind.

EXPERT  
PIANO TUNING  
GUARANTEED  
Arthur F. French  
SEYMOUR, IND.  
Drop a Postal and I Will Call.

## KINDIG Architect

W. 7th St., SEYMOUR.

First Class Tailor  
Ladies' and Gents' Clothing cleaned, dyed, pressed, repaired and put in tip-top shape. Our motto: Neatness and Promptness We call for work. Phone 468.  
D. DiMatteo  
Next Door to Traction Station.

"Will Go on Your Bond"  
Will write any kind of  
INSURANCE  
Clark B. Davis  
LOANS NOTARY

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

## DR. B. F. YOUNT,

### VETERINARY

Has Located in Seymour at Hopewell's Brick Barn on Jeffersonville Avenue. Calls Answered Promptly.

## BAGGAGE

And light freight transferred. Phone 468. One door east of Interurban Station, Seymour

## A. T. FOSTER

## Robert H. Hall ARCHITECT

725 N. Ewing St., Seymour, Ind.

A. D. Eldridge transacted business at Columbus yesterday.

H. C. Vehling was here from Indianapolis to attend the funeral of Rev. Philip Schmidt.

Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Goodloe, of Scottsburg, spent today with their daughter, Mrs. C. D. Billings.

Mrs. Fred Wieneke came down from Indianapolis Tuesday to attend the funeral of Rev. Philip Schmidt and spend a few days visiting with relatives and friends.

Rev. Ed Schmidt of Napoleonville, La., who was called here a week ago on account of the fatal illness of his father, Rev. Philip Schmidt, left for home this morning.

Mrs. Howard Slavens and little child came down from Indianapolis Tuesday morning to attend the funeral of Rev. Philip Schmidt and will remain for a visit of about two weeks with her parents.

Rev. C. T. Schmidt, of St. Louis, Rev. Adam Schmidt, of Elyria, Ohio, Christian Schmidt, of Liverpool, Ohio, and Mrs. Bohn, of Ft. Wayne, were here to attend the funeral of their brother, Rev. Philip Schmidt.

Washington, April 28.—Unusual honors were paid today to the memory of Major Pierre Charles Lenfant, the French engineer who laid out Washington city. The body was disinterred from its resting place on the Digges farm in Maryland and taken to the capitol under military escort.

The ceremony was held in the rotunda of the capitol. A large crowd had gathered to witness the ceremonies. Vice President Sherman and Ambassador Jusserand paid tribute to the noted Frenchman. The body will be reinterred in Arlington cemetery, where religious services will be held.

### The Bed-Rock of Success

lies in keen clear brain, packed by indomitable will and restless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon Lismore, W. Va. writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c at W. F. Peter drug store.

### BURNED TO DEATH

Woman Ran Two Squares With Her Clothing on Fire.

Columbus, Ind., April 28.—Mrs. George Hobson, aged thirty-five, was burned to death at her home here last night. She attempted to light a fire with kerosene in a wood stove which contained live coals. The can containing the oil exploded. The woman ran two squares enveloped in flames.

## Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney nerves. The kidneys, like the heart, and the stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well. If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

A. J. PELLANS.

## FOR SALE

Good 55 acre farm on the interurban road, near Seymour. 4 room house and good barn and all necessary outbuildings. Young orchard. Must be sold soon. \$3,200.00. See E. C. BOLLINGER, Agent. PHONES: Residence No. 5, Office No. 186.

## CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit INSURANCE  
Real Estate, Rental Agency  
Prompt Attention to All Business

## FOR SALE

1000 Fence Posts  
500 Cords of Wood  
GEO. S. SCHAEFER  
First National Bank Bldg.

## Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to  
THE SEYMOUR TAILORS  
And have them put in first class wearing condition.  
NORTH CHESTNUT STREET  
Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

## ANNA E. CARTER

NOTARY PUBLIC  
Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN office, 108 West Second Street. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

## SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher,  
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St. SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

## LEWIS & SWAILS

LAWYERS  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

## T. M. JACKSON,

Jeweler AND Optician  
104 W. SECOND ST.

## BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.  
AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

## ELMER E. DUNLAP, ARCHITECT

824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

# The Cresco Child's Romper

Is a garment adapted for children from 2 to 8 years of age. It is worn over or without the other outer garments. They button at the back and are very easily put on and taken off. Parents can dress their children with the CRESCO ROMPER for less than one-half the amount it costs for dresses, waists, etc., besides lessening the washing, ironing and worry to almost nothing. The CRESCO ROMPERS are made in several grades and a number of different patterns and are trimmed in colors giving them the best possible appearance. Price 50 cents and 75 cents the suit. - - - - -

## THOMAS CLOTHING CO.



Negro woman when arrested refused to tell her age. A dark secret, so to speak.

Bulgaria politely calls the attention of the powers to the fact that the war dogs are straining at the leashes.

It is absolutely certain that Edgar Allan Poe could not have been born in all the States that are claiming him.

Russia is working on a fleet of aerial battleships. The English fishing interests will have to take to submarines.

Oregon's method of electing a United States Senator may shock some members of the most dignified legislative body on earth.

The Delaware man who ate fifteen meat pies in one hour evidently doesn't subscribe to the idea of getting up from the table hungry.

The government prefers that its soldiers do not marry. If there is fighting to be done, the government prefers to furnish the occasion.

Rain falls on the just and the unjust alike, but snow discriminates. It frequently deposits its deepest drifts on the just man's sidewalks.

Mary Garden says there is no morality in clothes. There certainly can't be much morality in the clothes that are worn by the Salome dancers.

"War is knocking at our doors," declares Congressman Hobson. Why not stealthily raise a second-story window and drop a water pitcher on war?

In these days of alarming divorce statistics it is cheering to read of the New York man, aged 75, who danced for joy at the celebration of his golden wedding.

Mary Garden has the exclusive right to sing "Thais" in this country. Would that she had the exclusive right to "Love Me and the World Is Mine," and others.

Mr. Taft has told the girls that they can be successful without marrying. But whether his gentle words will have a tendency to cheer them on their way may never be known.

Great is wireless telegraphy. It need not surprise anybody if some flustered operator at sea one of these days flashes a hurry call for the patrol wagon when a riot breaks out on shipboard.

The story is told of a New Jersey man who, in 1852, willed away a piece of land with the proviso that if he should be born again the property should revert to him. It is said the beneficiary hasn't lost any sleep worrying over the possibility of the testator's return.

Congress has officially decided that the name of the Panama Canal is to be "The Panama Canal." This is very graceful of Congress. How awkward it would have been for most of us if the ditch had been officially named "The Sesquipedalian Canal" or "The Transubstantiationverein Haupt Canal" or something like that.

There will naturally be much feminine sympathy for the New Jersey woman who has appeared in court to complain about her husband's cruel treatment, relates the Washington Star, and who says: "I am a graduate of a cooking school. I make biscuits, pies, cake and all sorts of dainties to please him, and he calls it all 'indigestion fodder.'" The judge advised the woman to cook corned beef and cabbage occasionally, and she said she would.

Said an anxious mother to the family doctor: "What shall I do with my daughter Mary? She is simply candy crazy and, of course, eating nothing substantial makes her pale, if not downright yellow." Said the wise physician to the anxious mother: "Put Mary into a sweet shop, and she'll soon abhor the stuff! It is heroic treatment, but it will cure her appetite for candy." Poor Mary! says the Indianapolis Star, how much pleasure she is going to lose for lack of a little self-denial.

If the world had not passed beyond the age of myth-making, the disaster in Southern Italy would be ascribed to the turning of Encladus in his sleep. Encladus was one of the giants who rebelled against Jupiter. He was killed by one of Jupiter's thunderbolts, according to Vergil, and buried under Mount Etna. When he turns in his grave the earth quakes, and when he breathes the mountain belches forth fire and smoke. It was the peculiar geographical and geological formations around Sicily and the Strait of Messina that gave rise to many of the ancient myths. The rock of Scylla, dangerous to navigators, was believed to be the home of a monster which seized the sailors from the decks of the ships that passed too near. The whirlpool of Charybdis, across the strait, was said to be caused by another monster which swallowed the sea and spewed it out again three times a day. The Titans lived on an island in the neigh-

borhood and charmed sailors to their destruction. They were finally felled by Odysseus, who closed the ears of his sailors with wax and had himself lashed to the mast of his ship. So chagrined were the three sisters that they threw themselves into the sea, and were transformed into rocky islands which bear their names.

The annual report of the commissioner general of immigration tells an encouraging story. The work of the bureau was increased nearly 20 per cent during the year. The increase was not due to the swelling of the tide flowing through the nation's gateway. As a matter of fact there was a falling off of half a million in the number of arrivals, the aggregate representing a loss of 39 per cent as compared with the total for 1907. The increase of work done tells of greater efficiency in administration. Some of the matters considered by the bureau are indicated by the statements about illiteracy, cash per capita, exclusion of undesirable, Japanese and Chinese newcomers, alien contract labor, and the destination of immigrants. That 20 per cent of the aliens were found illiterate, that the cash brought averaged \$23 to the individual, that 11,000 undesirables were barred, that 2,000 contract laborers were denied admission and 240 others who had escaped notice before were arrested and sent away, all have interest. The most important work, perhaps, is that connected with the subject of intelligent distribution of the accepted immigrants. The ever present problem is the prevention of congestion in the large cities. Every student of the social conditions in the cities quickly finds that there are large numbers of people trying to adapt themselves to city life in America whose whole experience in the old world was in the country. Much of the want and suffering results from such ill adjustment. To prevent this uneconomic distribution of population when the country districts are seeking workers is to be still more actively a part of the work of the immigration bureau. The revelations about Rosebud lands are reminders that rural life in a frontier community affords little of attractiveness to those who have been accustomed to the comforts of a city. But there is another side. Thousands of people who like farm life have made homes in the wilderness, have gained competence, have seen the country develop, have helped to make the United States a great and prosperous nation. No more important work could be done by the immigration officials than that of wise direction of the incoming aliens from the farms of the old world to the farms of the new. There has been too much haphazard locating in the past. There is room for much intelligence in this matter.

**Checking an Automobileist.**  
Some drivers of automobiles have yet to learn manners. Life infants, they do not realize that what they do is annoying to others. A writer in Maine Woods tells the story of a motor car which was contesting the rights of the road with a wagon in the Dead River region. The method employed to subjugate the impolite machine is not to be commended, but it was somewhat mitigated by the circumstances.

The wagon was leisurely wending its way over a road, wide enough in this particular section for but one ordinary vehicle, and behind the horse sat a well known guide of the region. Up puffed a big automobile, the driver nervously scanning his horn.

At the first honk! honk! the guide's horse leaped into the air and nearly upset the wagon. The automobile, trailing a few yards in the rear, emitted a series of honks which threw the horse into a fit of bronco buckings, and the guide asked the man to desist tooting, saying he would turn out when the road widened.

The tooting continued, however, much to the disgust of the guide and horse. Unable to stand it longer, the guide stopped his horse, reached under the seat, and drawing up a Winchester, said, calmly:

"I've asked you to stop that noise. A gentleman would have done so under the conditions. Now you toot that horn again and I'll fill your tires full of holes. I guess that'll widen the road enough for you."

The tooting stopped and the wagon slowly proceeded, followed by a silent motor car till the roadway became wider.

**A New Test.**  
"Was your speech a success?"  
"No," answered the gloomy statesman. "It made no impression whatever."  
"What makes you think so?"  
"Everybody kept quiet. There wasn't a single attempt to shut me up or keep my remarks out of the Record."—Washington Star.

**Light on Economy.**  
"You always want to try to do all your reading in the daytime," said the stern teacher of physiology, addressing the class. "Sunlight is much better than any artificial light. Can any one of you tell me why?"  
"Yes, ma'am," said Edwin. "It's a good deal cheaper."—Puck.

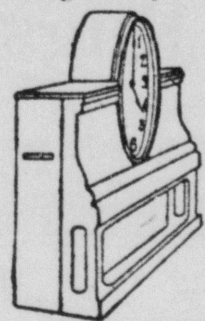
**Rare Man.**  
"Not much vain glory about him."  
"No, indeed. Why, I don't believe he'd be vain even about the accuracy of his watch."—Kansas City Times.

When a party of men return from a trip they tell great whoppers of the mysterious things that happened to them.



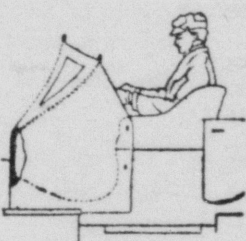
#### Novel Savings Bank.

One of the recent novelties patented is a combined clock and savings bank designed by a Chicago man. Why a savings bank and a clock should be combined will not at once be apparent. The idea would seem ridiculous, as these two articles have no apparent relationship. The purpose of the inventor has merely been to increase the usefulness of the savings bank and assure that it will be constantly employed. He accomplishes this by requiring the deposit of a coin in the bank before the clock can be wound. Unless the coin is deposited, the clock becomes useless. The amount of the coin deposited is controlled by the size of the slot in the savings bank. The number of deposits can also be increased by requiring a daily winding of the clock. In this way a certain sum must be added to the bank each day previous to each winding of the clock. After the clock has been wound and the key removed, the mechanism assumes its normal position, so that the clock cannot be wound again without the deposit of a coin.



#### Windshield for Motors.

Among the many devices brought forward to make the life of the poor motorist a happier one is the windshield invented by a Massachusetts man. This shield is of metal, with a triangular piece of glass set in the top, and fits on the machine in front of the driver's seat, extending back on both sides so as to protect the lower part of his body.

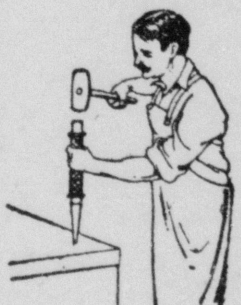


The front of the shield has a surface so inclined that when the wind

strikes it it is thrown up and passes over the driver's head. The top of the shield comes just below the level of the driver's eyes, and he has a clear view in front, while the air current, instead of striking him in the face, shoots up over him. Motorists who have experienced the pleasure of stopping their cars periodically on stormy days to clean the mud and mist from the ordinary glass shield, will appreciate the advantage of the one just described, which is also much stronger than the old glass upright. It further aids the autoist to get more speed for his power, as it is built to cut the air.

#### Prevents Jarring Hands.

Even the hardest kind of labor can be made easier and less exacting on the worker by the non-jarring attachment for tools. Naturally, when tools are struck by a heavy hammer or mallet, the hands of the operator holding the tool are jarred to an extent depending upon the force of the blow. This jarring is eliminated by this attachment. It can be applied to a variety of mechanical tools, such as nail punches, rock drills, etc.



The attachment consists of a sleeve which fits over a handle having a reduced diameter, around which a coil spring is placed. This spring is stiff enough to hold the tool firmly for use, so that the point can be placed exactly on the desired spot, but is sufficiently elastic to relieve the hand of any shock when the blow is struck.

The coil spring also enables the tool to be pressed firmly against the material, so that the operator may be sure that it is in the right position, and yet when the blow is delivered, the shock is taken up by the spring and not felt by the hand or arm, affording a grateful relief to the nerves.

#### LEARNING FARMING ABOARD A TRAIN.



#### A LECTURE ON SCIENTIFIC FARMING IN A RAILWAY COACH.

Without some scientific knowledge the farmer of to-day cannot expect to succeed. Uncle Sam, through the Department of Agriculture, realizing this, is teaching those engaged in agricultural pursuits how they should follow their business. The first of several trains that are to be used as moving schoolhouses is now on the road. Lectures on farming are given in this, and stoppages are made wherever it is thought necessary. Each "talk" lasts forty-five minutes, and it is a fact worthy of notice that many women attend the lessons.

#### That Settled It.

For years Mr. Clerkile had eaten his frugal but nourishing luncheon in a little restaurant half a block north from his office. He was an easily satisfied person, and what he ordered seemed always to suit him to perfection. The waitresses never knew him to complain.

But one day things went wrong. The butter was rancid, and the bread was so moist that Mr. Clerkile, who had decided ideas about hygiene, would not eat it. He did his best, and left the table early.

The next day the same thing occurred, and the day after there was no improvement. He called the waitress to him.

"May I see the proprietor, please?" he inquired.

The girl disappeared for a minute, and returned with the news that the proprietor was out.

The following day as well as the one after there was no improvement in the food, and no sign of the proprietor. Mr. Clerkile nearly made up

his mind to seek another restaurant. He decided, however, to give them a chance, and on Saturday at luncheon again asked for the owner of the place.

"He's gone out," was the reply.

Mr. Clerkile became bold.

"This is ridiculous!" he exclaimed.

"I come here at noontime every day, and every day he is out. Where is he, anyway?"

"We expect him back any minute," said the girl. "He has just stepped out to get his lunch."

**All Meteors.**

"Shay," exclaimed the citizen who had been sitting up with a friend, gazing wonderingly at the heavens, "this must be a great night for 'stronomers. Never saw sho many meteors in my life."—Kansas City Times.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

Worthless people are terribly catlike in always landing on their feet.

#### CURSE OF JEALOUSY.

Natural to Courtship, It Is Fatal to Marital Happiness.

Among the dictionary definitions of jealousy is that of envy. True, another is zealous watchfulness, but this state of mind implies fear, the un- easiness of uncertainty, and this is incompatible with the perfect love which casteth out fear. As associated with love the word implies a dread of losing the thing desired—a state of mind which to the timid perhaps is natural and well-nigh inevitable in the first stages of courtship.

The man who is seeking to win a woman and who has rivals in the field has a strain upon his nerves and emotions which upsets his normal balance. He becomes worried, fanciful and moody.

The woman who already is won, but who must conceal her feelings until the victor chooses to claim his conquest scarcely can fail to be restless, capricious and nervous. This mainly is due to the restraint which she is putting upon herself and the haunting fear that he may be in love with some one else.

But when the lover has spoken and each holds the plighted troth of the beloved, then jealousy even in its most amiable form involves a lack of faith in the truth and the sincerity of the beloved which is anything but complimentary.

Whatever its cause, jealousy is bound to be a disturbing element, and the less indulged it is the better. Always the expression of it is more harmful than helpful. There is a great deal of truth in the doctrine of mental suggestion as applied to love, and this especially is the case with men.

The jealous woman hates to hear other women praised, and, though she possibly may remark upon their good qualities herself, she objects when one of her own admirers, however faintly, expresses admiration for another woman. And when she praises it is with a reservation. "She is pretty, but," etc.

No wise man would marry a jealous woman, however much he might care for her, could he realize how little peace and comfort probably will be his portion after marriage. No wise woman would marry a jealous man, since she certainly could not hope to be happy if she did.

Jealousy is responsible for more broken engagements, more matrimonial unhappiness, than any other cause, with the possible exception of beastly intemperance in drink. Yet people who ought to know better go on excusing it, claiming that it is the result of love and the natural outcome of a humble opinion of one's self, instead of being, as in nearly all cases it is, the result of colossal vanity—a vanity which is exasperated at the thought of precedence given to another.

The man or woman whose temperament will allow him or her to pass through life superior to the pangs of jealousy has cause to be thankful. It is wise to remember the saying of the Greek sage that "what is worthy of jealousy is not worthy of love."—Chicago Tribune.

#### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Charred and Discarded, It Brought Wealth to a Poor Widow.

Some years ago a poor widow kept a small shop in a Berlin suburb. One evening as she was serving a customer a workman stepped into the shop and asked permission to light his pipe. Drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, he twisted it up and, after lighting his pipe, threw down the spill and walked off with a word of thanks.

When sweeping the floor the following morning the widow took up the charred paper out of idle curiosity and, unfolding it, saw that it was a lottery ticket, only a portion of which had been burned. She folded it up, put it away in her pocket and had almost forgotten it, when the result of a large lottery drawing caught her eye in the paper.

She then remembered the crumbled ticket in her pocket, and on producing it found, to her amazement and delight, that it had won a prize of \$50,000. She claimed the prize, and, although she advertised widely for its original owner, with the intention of sharing it with him, she was left in undisturbed possession of her fortune.

#### Why We Are Warm.

"I haven't had a cold since I've been here with you," said the woman from the South, "and I believe it's the steam heated flat. Don't talk to me about the healthfulness of grate fires and cold houses such as they have in the South. We had colds all the time we were back there. And we had to dress as if we were in Siberia. Heavy flannels, long coats, furs. And look at you, how you dress! In tubbed waists all winter long and low shoes and thin stockings. We'd die back there if we dressed like that. I think it's all right here because you start out warm. Then you get somewhere else where it is warm before you get chilled through. Then you have the warm cars where you sit on heaters and all that sort of thing. New York's the only place to keep warm in the winter time. I hate to go back home to the South there and freeze."

#### He Got.

"Flee!" cried the girl.  
"You mean fly," corrected the lover.  
"Never mind what insect I mean," she replied. "Just git! Pa's comin'!"—University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Nearly every man says of his dog: "His father cost a thousand dollars."

#### FESTIVAL OF THE COCOANUT.

Hindoo Celebrate the Passing of the Rainy Season.

On Tuesday the banks, law courts, and public offices were closed on account of Narel Purnima, commonly known as the cocoanut festival of the Hindoos, says the Bombay Gazette. It is one of their greatest festivals, and marks the day when the stormy part of the rainy season is believed to be at an end. On this day cocoanuts, wild flowers and sugar candy are thrown into the sea to gain its favor toward those who trust themselves or their merchandise to its mercy.

Early in the morning the Hindoos and their families dress themselves in their best clothes and pass the day in festivities and friendly greetings. In the afternoon the children and adults deck themselves with ornaments, and with the elder members of the families take their way toward the sea in Mody bay, Back bay, Cooly Bunder, Chowpatty, etc., and throw their offerings of cocoanuts and flowers into the water.

A fair is held in the Cruickshank road in connection with the festival, which is attended by thousands of persons in the course of the day and the evening. It presents a curious sight in its way, many of its attractions being common to an orthodox native fair. The shops and booths, erected in long lines along the verge of the Cruickshank road, for the sale of toys, trinkets and sweetmeats, did a profitable business. Throughout the day extra tram cars brought in many hundreds of sightseers to the fair. The police arrangements for the regulation of traffic were admirably planned and judiciously carried out.

#### Legal Information

The Missouri Court of Appeals holds in *Western Travelers' Association v. Tennant*, 106 Southwestern Reporter, 1073, that the mother of insured, not living with nor dependent upon him and having an able-bodied husband living with her, is not a member of his family, as she could not be a member of two families at the same time.

Where a party wall has been built by an adjoining landowner under agreement with his neighbor that reimbursement shall be made for one-half the cost of the part he may subsequently use, will the driving of nails and fastening of pulleys and cords for the suspension of articles for sale constitute a prohibited use of a portion for which the person so doing has made no contribution to the cost? The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, in the case of *Berry v. Godfrey*, 84 Northeastern Reporter, 304, holds that it does, and that the one constructing the wall is entitled to at least nominal damages therefor.

In *American Circular Loom Co. v. Wilson*, 84 Northeastern Reporter, 133, one of defendants, while in the employ of plaintiff, invented certain machinery and acquired by assignment certain other inventions, all of which were put to use by plaintiff, with defendant's acquiescence. Plaintiff sought to require defendant to assign to it all rights in all the patents. The court held that there was no breach of duty by defendant in securing a patent to his own invention, but that the assigned patents, secured while acting as plaintiff's superintendent, should be decreed as being held in trust. Plaintiff was held, however, to be estopped by its own acts from claiming the beneficial interest in one of these.

The General Assembly of Iowa recently provided for the adoption by certain cities of a plan of government somewhat similar to the Galveston system. The law provides for a main governing board, consisting of a mayor and four councilmen to be chosen at general election. Their powers and duties are exercised through a department of public works under direction of the mayor, and four other departments, each under the supervision of one of the councilmen. There is also a provision for a recall of officers after election. Although assailed vigorously as violating provisions of both the Federal and State Constitutions, it was held valid by the Supreme Court of Iowa in *Eckerman v. City of Des Moines*, 115 Northwestern Reporter, 177.

#### Wood as Food.

In one quarter of the earth, at least, wood, in a certain form, serves as a common and constant article of diet, and that is the northern coast of Siberia. At several points the natives eat wood, and eat it because they like it. Even when fish is plentiful, wood usually forms a part of the evening meal of these natives, as testified by numerous travelers. Cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut in that region are silent witnesses to the general fondness for wood diet. The dish is prepared by scraping off thick layers immediately under the bark of the log. These are chopped fine and mixed with snow, the whole being boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe, milk, or butter is mixed with the wood.—Tit-Bits.

#### Nothing So Sweet.

"Is that man surreptitious in his methods?"  
"Surreptitious? Not a bit of it. He's in the wholesale pickle business."—Baltimore American.

The fashion notes indicate that the exhibition of skinny elbows will be less popular next summer.



# For Boys and Girls

## THE TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE MAN.

A terrible, terrible man is there, waiting to catch me upon the stair; A terrible, terrible man, who roars, An' chases a feller right out of doors When he's had a wuppin', an' goes to bed With his nose all swelled an' his eyes all red.

I'm feard an' I'm feard, an' I'm awful feard, An' I'm skeerd an' I'm skeerd, an' I'm awful skeerd, Fer I've been so naughty I know that he Will jump right out of the hall at me; An' I'll never be bad enny more, enny more Fer the terrible man to chase out of the door.

They said he would come, but I said pooh-pooh, An' now I don't know wot I'm goin' to do, Fer if I don't go I'll get wuppened again, An' if I do he will come, an' what then? Oh, please, Mrs. Muvver, come chase him away— An' I bet at I'll mind ever word 'at you say.

—Baltimore Sun.

## THE THIMBLE BISCUIT.

Once upon a time Polly's mamma was making biscuit for supper.

She sifted the flour so fine and white, And kneaded the dough till it was light, And rolled it out with the rolling-pin, And cut the biscuit round and thin.

Polly watched her do everything; and, when the last biscuit was in the biscuit pan, mamma said:

"Here is a little piece of dough left on my biscuit board. I wonder if there is a little girl in this kitchen who would like to make some little biscuit?"

"Yes, yes," said Polly, clapping her hands with delight; for of course she knew her mamma meant her. "I'd like to make little biscuit all by myself."

So mamma tied a napkin around her waist for an apron, and Polly rolled up her sleeves just as mamma did when she cooked, and climbed into the kitchen chair so that she could reach the biscuit board. Then she was ready to begin her biscuit.

"May I sift flour, too?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," said mamma. "You must always sift flour on your board if you want your biscuit to be smooth and nice."

So Polly sifted the flour so fine and white, And kneaded the bit of dough so light, And rolled it out with the rolling-pin, And—

What do you think? Mamma's biscuit cutter was larger than Polly's piece of dough!

"I think you will have to borrow grandmother's thimble for a biscuit cutter," said mamma. A thimble biscuit cutter! Was there ever any thing so funny as that? Polly laughed about it all the way upstairs to grandmother's room; but, when she told grandmother what she wanted, grandmother did not think it was strange at all.

"I used to make thimble biscuit when I was a little girl," she said; and she made haste to get the thimble out of her workbag for Polly.

Grandmother's thimble was made of shining gold; and oh what a fine biscuit cutter it made. The biscuit were as small and as round as buttons, and Polly cut enough for grandmother and papa and mamma and Brother Ned and herself, each to have one for supper that night.

"I think it is fun to make thimble biscuit," she said as she handed them round in her own blue saucer; and, if you don't believe she was right, make some yourself and see.—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

## THE SPIDER'S STRENGTH.

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in Central America is astounding. One of them had in captivity in a tree there not long ago a wild canary.

The ends of the wings, the tail and the feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious arrangement.

The bird, says Home Notes, hung head downward, and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle and would soon have been a prey to its great, ugly captor if it had not been rescued.

## DON'T BEGIN.

Once there was a little fly who saw a spider's web in the corner of a room. "I will keep away from it," he thought; "for I should get one foot in it I might get two, and soon

I would be caught altogether." Wasn't that a wise little fly?

In the same room was a little girl who had broken a vase. Some thing whispered in her ear, "Hide the pieces and don't tell mother."

"No, no!" said she. "If I should deceive mother once, I might again and pretty soon I should be telling wrong stories. I won't begin." Wasn't she a wise little girl?—May-flower.

## THE COMPANY YOU KEEP.

There was once a farmer whose corn was destroyed by the cranes that fed in his field. He grew angry and declared he would stop the nuisance. So he put up a net and caught not only the cranes, but a fine stork that had come down from a neighboring roof to chat with the crane.

"I'll wring your neck," said the farmer. "You are pests and have hurt my fields."

"Spare me," cried the stork. "I'm innocent; indeed I am. I never touched any of your belongings."

"That may be true," answered the farmer; "but I find you among thieves and I judge you accordingly."—Home Herald.

## IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU.

Think of this, girls and boys: If you ask a child to wait on you, say "Please." Be polite to servants and inferiors. Be courteous even to the cat. Why push her roughly aside, or invite her claws? If kind good nature and gentleness rules in every home what sunlight would home enjoy! A great deal depends upon you.—Home Herald.

## LIFTING WITH MAGNETS.

A Load of Several Tons Handled With the Utmost Ease.

In foundries, machine shops and other places where large pieces of iron or steel are to be shifted from one place to another—say, from the floor to a platform car—two things are needed. One is a crane, provided with hoisting tackle and pivoted or otherwise arranged so as to swing from side to side. The other is a suitable method of taking hold of the load. If the burden be surrounded with a cable under which a hook can be introduced, nothing further is required except the power to hoist at the right moment. In many cases, however, the adjustment of a tie around the weight involves some trouble and consumes time. It is occasionally found to be more convenient, therefore, to utilize the attractive force of magnetism. From the hoisting tackle may be suspended an electro magnet of a form carefully adapted to the work in hand.

An electro-magnet is one the power of which lasts only while an electric current is flowing through coils of copper wire around a soft iron core. Switch the electricity on and the magnet is energized. Switch it off and the magnet is as useless as a piece of chalk. If the magnet is lowered over an iron or steel object so as to touch the latter it will grasp the load with wonderful firmness. The crane from which the magnet hangs can be swung so as to deposit the load, and if the proper calculations have been made the grip will be strong enough to make release impossible until the right moment. When the burden is in the spot where it is to be left the current is cut off and the attraction of the magnet ceases. As many workshops nowadays are provided with electric motors, to wind hoisting drums and perform a variety of other work, a supply of current is often already available for energizing a magnet. The current is led from the dynamo room to the crane by carefully insulated wires and connected with the magnets they are to influence.

An electro-magnet will attract little pieces of metal, of course, as well as big ones. It can be employed, therefore, to lift small scraps of old iron, as well as huge boulders of ore. There is no necessity for tying the small bits together or putting them in any receptacle, if they are to be lifted with magnets.

## Webster and a Witness.

It was my privilege, as a member of the Suffolk bar, to attend many years ago the trial of one of the most important cases of the year in our Supreme Judicial Court at Boston. On the two sides were arrayed some half a dozen of our most eminent lawyers. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, as it happened, were on the same side. A hostile witness was put on by the other side, some of whose evidence was of the utmost importance to Webster and Choate, if it could be obtained, and Choate undertook the task of obtaining it. No man at our bar had more profound skill in cross-examination, and the questions he put to the witness were like the fire of a Maxim gun, but in every instance he failed to get the evidence he wanted and finally sat down in despair.

Then Webster, who had been sitting in his great arm chair, apparently about half asleep, as though taking no interest in the case whatever, slowly arose to his feet, put his great eyes on the hostile witness, asked him in the most serious tone a single question and brought instantly the required answer. Then as quietly he sat down and apparently went about half asleep again. It was a scene photographed on my mind, never to be forgotten.—George T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

Every time a gasoline motor "misses fire" a charge of gas has been wasted.

## Old Favorites

### How Betsy and I Made Up.

Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day? You drew up that agreement—I s'pose you want your pay; Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V; For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue, Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do; And, if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive, They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load; No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road; For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in, And seein' where we miss'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led, When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead; And the more I thought it over the more these memories came, And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind, Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind; And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will, When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track, And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back; And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two," And so I set my teeth together, and wov'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night, And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light; Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes, But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me— As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;

And I cram'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could, And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house, But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse; And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup, And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out, And give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about, And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note Was busted by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself; Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old, And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch, And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much; But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears, And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire— But I picked up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire; And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow; And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash, If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash; And she said in regard to Heaven, we'd try and learn its worth By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night, And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light; And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us, Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss; But, when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores, My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two; But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do; When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh, And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;

And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X; Make it more! If you want to, for I have got the checks; I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told, For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold. —Will Carleton.

## STRENGTH OF SILK.

How the Yarn Is Weakened by the Modern Method of Treatment.

Silk science is changing. If the silk dresses of fifty years ago are compared with many of the silk articles manufactured at the present day it requires no elaborate tests to show the superiority in strength of the older materials.

This usually is due to the fact that silk yarns now are frequently treated with metallic salts, such as tin chloride, which are readily absorbed, forming insoluble compounds and thus increasing the weight of the fiber. So prevalent did this practice become some years ago that even the manufacturers recognized the necessity of putting some limit to it.

Apart from the fact that one is buying a compound of silk with a metal instead of pure silk this treatment frequently causes the fibers to become tender, especially after exposure to direct sunlight.

From Herr Strehlenert's experiments it was found that taking the strength of genuine silk as 50 to 53 the strength of a sample of loaded French silk containing 140 per cent of added material was only 7.9. Not only does the weighting process reduce the tenacity of the fiber and often destroy the dye stuff but also is a frequent cause of the appearance of mysterious spots.

Often bright red spots appear on a fabric after exposure to the sunlight. It has been found that even a diluted solution of common salt acts upon loaded silk in the presence of air and moisture and produces stains and complete disintegration of fiber within twelve months. The action of stronger solutions of salt is still more rapid, and the "tendency" of the fiber is marked after treatment for seven days with a 2 per cent solution.

The presence of salt in stained and weakened silk may be accounted for readily by the fact that salt is a constituent of human perspiration and thus may have been introduced during the handling of the yarns by the workmen.

Special precautions are now taken to eliminate this source of injury, and the disintegrating action of the tin salts upon the fibers also is reduced by a subsequent chemical treatment of the yarn. So the weighted silks of to-day are stronger than their predecessors of a few years back.—Chicago Tribune.

## THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

Romantic Indian Legend of This Beautiful Flower.

There is a beautiful romance connected with the Cherokee rose. A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire.

As he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior the daughter of the latter, a young, dark faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Before they had gone far, impelled by regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the southern states by the name of the Cherokee rose.—Philadelphia North American.

## A London Term.

"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De bloozes?" exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop-eyed and vague. "De bloozes—w-ay, dey mus' be on de—scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—blowses—lawngery waists, y' know."

## The Most Dangerous Capital.

London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

## A Real Strain.

A land agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox:

"The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper to express it!"

Don't feel sorry for a man because he is cheap. He doesn't know he is cheap; he thinks he is superior.

# LITERARY LITTLEBITS

The new novel by Rudyard Kipling to be published in the spring, will be called "With the Night Mail." It deals with the period when aeroplanes will be common and when a number of other things which are now only dreamed of will be realities.

Still another Napoleon book is announced. This is "The Mind of Napoleon"—his mind as revealed in thought, speech and action. The author is Harold Wheeler, whose book on "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," came out last year.

Hall Caine's autobiography, which has been running serially under the title of "My Story," will be published in book form. The work is largely a chronicle of literary friendships, in which Rossetti, Carlyle, Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne and others are the principal figures. The literary era comprised by the last half of the nineteenth century is carefully pictured, while the concluding chapters bring the autobiography down to the present date.

The year 1800 was remarkable in the intellectual life of Europe. Scott was composing "The Lady of the Lake;" Byron had begun "Childe Harold;" Goethe having finished the first part of "Faust," was engaged on a novel with a strange up-to-date sound—"The Elective Affinities;" Hegel and Fichte were at work on their philosophical writings; Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" was published; Curvier and Humboldt were making valuable contributions to science.

For the student of Italian history the unhappy city of Messina has a secondary interest, in that it was the scene of the frightful bombardment and massacre which won for the Bourbon brute Ferdinand II. the nickname of "Bomba." The recent earthquake was mercy itself in comparison with the atrocities which the troops of that base creature perpetrated upon the wretched men, women and children of the city. As for Messina itself, only a third of it was left when at last the bombardment ceased.

Interesting MSS. It appears, are still to be discovered. In the City Library at Zurich has been found a work of six hundred pages dealing with events from 1516 to 1534. It is from the hand of John Shumpf, prior to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. "If," says the London Globe, "we did not remember the remarkable find of the Institute of Galus in the chapter house at Verona by Niebuhr, the church historian in 1816, it would seem incredible that the MSS. which has just come to light should have been forgotten and unknown to historians for nearly five centuries in a library so well known at that of Zurich."

## TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

Although You Will Be Glad to Return You Will Want to Go Again.

A letter of credit is a certificate of character, and this, together with your passport signed by the Secretary of State, will give you all the financial and social standing that may be required to meet any emergencies that may arise in European travel, a writer of the Review of Reviews says. You will want three separate coin purses—one for gold, one for silver and one for copper. And you finally fall in love with the gold pieces of Holland and France. They are beautiful coins and they soon impress you as being real money. By the time you are ready to go home you will find it difficult to repress the wish that gold would take the place of the limp and flimsy rags in the circulating medium of your own country; but when you reach New York how good those "rags" feel and how pleasing the face of the "father of his country" on a \$20 gold certificate!

And other things will look good to you besides the gold yellow treasury notes. There are the skyscrapers, not beautiful at all, but how beautiful they look to the wanderer returning home from strange lands! Of course the streets will look dirty—almost any street will look dirty after being in Berlin, or Paris, or The Hague—but you won't mind the dirt.

But you will want to cross again. There are so many things you didn't see. You will want to go abroad before the splendid monuments and palaces of France crumble away—even now they are badly in need of soap. They were built "in the days of the empire," when they could squeeze millions out of the people whenever the king wanted to change the wall paper in his drawing room. The dear old ladies who show you your seats in the Grand Opera House will not always be there. Some day the people of Volendam and the island of Marken will discard their quaint and picturesque Dutch costumes and will look just as much like Americans as the people of Rotterdam. The giant arms of the glorious old windmills that sweep the blue skies of dreamy Holland will give way before the onward march of gasoline. Better go before the electric motor drives the gondolas of Venice into the limbo of forgetfulness. Go while the children are still feeding the pigeons of St. Mark's. Go while the guide at Cologne is still able to show you the chest that contains the bones of the magi. Some day he will die

and no one else can tell the story with such feeling as the fine old fellow who can show you the exact spot where Napoleon's horses kicked chunks out of the altars in the cathedral. Go while the old is new and the new is old. Better go now.

## OPEN AIR AT FANCY PRICE.

Owners of Skyscrapers Have to Pay Handsomely for Ventilation.

The buying, selling and renting of air is an ordinary business in the big cities, as argued by an observer. The air bought and sold is not piped in from great tanks like gas, nor is it furnished in condensed form like oxygen in small cylinders. It is simply the open air between the roof and the sky which New York operators have learned to control and put an arbitrary value on, says the Baltimore American.

Sunlight has long been a commodity of price in the crowded districts, as those who rent apartments facing south know to the sorrow of their pocket-books.

But the air business is described as the direct development of the boom in skyscrapers, which require more than their share of oxygen. Far-seeing speculators of New York in many cases have secured such a monopoly of the air supply that owners of towering structures cannot get air in the open market, but must pay fancy prices for it.

In order to get air the owners of skyscrapers are forced to pay a heavy consideration to their neighbors to prevent the blocking up of the windows of their apartments. They rent the air, paying a fixed price for a period of years, the covenant being that there shall be placed no impediment in the way of free circulation of atmosphere.

The English law gives an owner of property the right to easement for light and air along the line of a lot. But there are no such legal provisions in America; hence what has been termed the most curious of modern traffics.

## Tobacco and Literature.

Tobacco and literary output is the subject of recent discussion among visitors in England. Somewhat heated arguments—with plenty of smoke, of course—are indulged in between those who favor and those who are opposed to the use of the fragrant weed," says Charles Ogden in the Detroit News.

In order to ascertain the opinion of an expert in such matters, appeal has been made to J. M. Barrie, as the author of "My Lady Nicotine." In reply to an interviewer, Barrie has prepared the following curious schedule, dividing his work into "journalism" and "fiction," and showing the amount of tobacco used in each occupation: "Journalism—Two pipes, one hour; two hours, one idea; one idea, three paragraphs, and three paragraphs, one leading article." With regards to fiction, Barrie wrote as follows: "Eight pipes, one ounce; seven ounces per week; two weeks, one chapter. It is evident that Barrie depends greatly upon his pipe, as do a great many other Englishmen. Many authors prefer American to Egyptian or Turkish tobacco, though the camps are somewhat equally divided on this score. Nearly all authors smoke, and tobacco is conceded to be an aid to composition, despite the fact that many "total abstainers" have done good work.

## Modern Music.

The snare-drummer happened to get hold of a selection that called for the use of half a dozen instruments. It took some lively work to shift from one to another on time, and the persons who sat near him were nightly impressed. When he had finished the lively operation, says a writer in the Providence Journal, he would be puffing and blowing, and perspiring in streams.

One evening a man just outside the orchestra rail leaned forward, and pointing to the score, remarked:

"That was good work, old man, but you missed one place."

"I did?" replied the drummer, in surprise. "Why, I thought that I played everything that came my way."

"No," the other resumed, "you didn't do it all, and I saw the leader glance at you. Right there, in the middle of that measure, is a place where you should have gone down cellar and shake the furnace, and you didn't pay the least bit of attention to it."

## He Knew Where He Belonged.

One stormy morning, during the cruise to the Pacific, an officer of the battleship "Missouri" was making his tour of inspection. While crossing the forecastle he encountered a coal passer leaning on the rail in the throes of mal de mer. With a gruff voice he demanded, "Here, here, my man, where do you belong?"

The seafick man's hand went to his cap in an attempt at salute: "Cleveland, Ohio, sir," he replied.—Success Magazine.

## At the Musicale.

"Say, I'm almost suffocated." "Open the window." "I'm afraid the noise will interfere with that young woman's singing." "Then, for heaven's sake, open it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Wooed in Vain.

"Poet, eh?" "No, indeed!" "Thought you said he'd courted the muse for years." "But he never won her."—Kansas City Times.

If a woman will persist in keeping the latchstring out, the only thing for her men folks to do is to learn to prefer sleeping on the lounge.

Of what avail if a man works to save his country, and ruins himself?



**Dr. E. Applegate**  
**Veterinary**  
Surgery a Specialty, Dentistry.  
OFFICE: Stewart's Livery Barn  
Both Phones 70.  
RESIDENCE: 216 Brown Street  
Old Phone 268. New Phone 356.  
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES**  
Prescriptions A Specialty  
**GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE**

Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Co.  
In effect Feb. 1, 1909.  
CARS LEAVE SEYMOUR NORTH-BOUND  
6:53 a. m. to Indianapolis  
8:13 a. m. to Indianapolis  
9:53 a. m. to Indianapolis  
10:17 a. m. to Indianapolis  
10:53 a. m. to Indianapolis  
11:53 a. m. to Indianapolis  
12:53 a. m. to Indianapolis  
1:17 p. m. to Indianapolis  
1:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
2:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
3:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
4:17 p. m. to Indianapolis  
4:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
6:13 p. m. to Indianapolis  
6:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
7:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
8:17 p. m. to Indianapolis  
8:53 p. m. to Indianapolis  
10:20 p. m. to Greenwood  
11:55 p. m. to Columbus  
Hoosier Flyers.  
Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.  
Cars make connections at Seymour with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.  
For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.  
General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

**Southern Indiana Railway Co.**  
**TIME TABLE**  
North Bound.  
No. 2 No. 4 No. 6  
Lv Seymour 6:40am 12:20pm 5:50pm  
Lv Bedford 7:55am 1:38pm 7:05pm  
Lv Odon 9:01am 2:40pm 8:12pm  
Lv Elmore 9:11am 2:49pm 8:22pm  
Lv Beehunter 9:27am 3:03pm 8:35pm  
Lv Linton 9:42am 3:20pm 8:49pm  
Lv Jasonville 10:05am 3:43pm 9:11pm  
Ar Terre Haute 10:55am 4:35pm 10:05pm  
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p. m., arrive at Westport 4:10 p. m.  
South Bound  
No. 1 No. 3 No. 5  
Lv Terre Haute 6:00am 11:15am 5:35pm  
Lv Jasonville 6:51am 12:08pm 6:27pm  
Lv Linton 7:13am 12:30pm 6:51pm  
Lv Beehunter 7:25am 12:43pm 7:04pm  
Lv Elmore 7:40am 12:58pm 7:19pm  
Lv Odon 7:50am 1:08 pm 7:29pm  
Lv Bedford 9:05am 2:20 pm 8:40pm  
Ar Seymour 10:15am 3:30pm 9:50pm  
No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at 4:40 p. m., arrives at Seymour 6:25 p. m.  
For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or  
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.  
Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.

Indianapolis and Louisville Traction Company  
In Effect Feb. 1, 1909.  
THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at: 10:17 a. m., 1:17, 4:17 and 8:17 p. m.  
THE DIXIE LIMITEDS leave Seymour southbound for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at: 9:09 a. m., 12:09, 4:09 and 8:09 p. m.  
LOCAL CARS leave Seymour SOUTH BOUND for Louisville and all intermediate points at: 5:54, 7:54, 8:54 For Scottsburg, 9:51, 10:54 a. m., 12:51, 2:54, 4:54, 5:54, 8:54 and 11:00 p. m. For Scottsburg.  
Cars make direct connections at Seymour with cars of the I. C. & S. Traction Co., for Indianapolis and intermediate points, also with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.  
For rates and information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.  
SEYMOUR TERMINAL—On Second St., between Indpls. Ave. & Ewing Sts.  
H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.  
Scottsburg, Ind.

**NEW DAY DAWNS FOR THE TURKS**  
Getting Rid of Old Sultan a Promising Sign.  
NEW RULER IS A PROGRESSIVE

With Mehmed V. On the Throne, the Modern Element in the Moslem Realm Has Hopes of Bringing About Better Conditions in Craft-Ridden Empire—The Deposition of Abdul Hamid Accomplished Without Further Resort to Arms.

Constantinople, April 28.—The deposed sultan, Abdul Hamid, left last night under escort for Saloniki. He was accompanied by eleven women of his harem. He was conveyed under cover of darkness from his palace to the railway station in Stamboul.

Constantinople, April 28.—The reign of Abdul Hamid II ended Tuesday with his deposition and the accession of his brother, Mehmed Reschad Effendi, as Mehmed V, a variation of Mahomet II being considered inappropriate to assume the precise name of the prophet. Mehmed V is the thirty-fifth sovereign of Turkey, in male descent, of the house of Osman, the founder of the empire, and the twenty-ninth sultan since the conquest of Constantinople.

The two houses of parliament, meeting as a national assembly, in the forenoon approved the decree of deposition, which was read by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, chief of the Ulemas and supreme judge on ecclesiastical questions. The document recites that Abdul Hamid's acts were contrary to the sacred law and set forth a long list of crimes, the whole making a terrible indictment. The assembly chose Mehmed Reschad as sultan and appointed committees to notify the deposed sovereign and his successor of its action. The firing of 101 guns announced to the waiting people that a new sultan had been proclaimed.

The ceremonies connected with the transfer of the power were simple. The newly chosen ruler came from his palace in Galata through streets lined with troops and cheering thousands and took the oath at the war office. He then proceeded to the parliament and later went to the Dolmabahsche palace as head of the empire where for so many years he had practically been a prisoner.

Martial law was then relaxed and the people gave themselves over to celebrating the victory of the Young Turks party and the end of Abdul Hamid's reign. Many buildings were illuminated, and thousands of rounds were fired by the soldiers for joy. General good humor prevailed everywhere.

**The New Sultan.**  
Mohammed Reschad Effendi, younger brother of Abdul Hamid, was born November 3, 1844, and is, legally and according to the Mussulman law, the successor of Abdul Hamid.

Up to the granting of the constitution last July, Mehmed Reschad Effendi lived in practical captivity in a palace on the shores of the Bosphorus. He was surrounded by a household composed of creatures of the sultan, who spied upon his every action. He was not permitted to leave the extensive palace grounds without the permission of the sultan. Four years ago he was reported as dying from cancer of the throat, but he recovered from his illness, and since the advent of popular government last year he has enjoyed a degree of personal liberty hitherto unknown to him.

**Religious War Continues.**  
Beirut, April 28.—Latest advices received here show little improvement in conditions throughout the disturbed regions of Asiatic Turkey. Every day adds to the sufferings of the refugees and to the death list. A dispatch from Adana says that the fires have been extinguished, but there is great fear of further incendiarism. Hadjin is still besieged. It has withstood several attacks made upon it from the mountain tops. Beirut is quiet and the announcement of the succession of Mohammed-Reschad Effendi to Abdul Hamid as sultan was well received. Unless the disturbances are immediately checked, they will extend into the interior to Mesopotamia, which section is bitterly reactionary.

**The President at Philadelphia.**  
Philadelphia, April 28.—President Taft last night was the principal speaker at the Grant birthday dinner of the Union League in this city and paid a striking tribute to the soldier-president. Mr. Taft was sharply criticized a year ago because of certain of his references to General Grant, and he took advantage of last night's opportunity to express anew his admiration for General Grant as a man, as a soldier and as chief executive of the United States.

The party of United States congressmen and their wives, who have been inspecting the work on the Panama canal, has sailed from Colon for New York.

**MISSIONARIES BURNED TO DEATH**  
Constantinople, April 28.—Official dispatches received today from Adana confirm the report that another massacre is in progress there. It is reported that a church containing 100 Protestant missionaries was burned and all within perished.

**MISSIONARIES IN NEED OF HELP**  
Constantinople, April 28.—A telegram was received this morning from Miss Rose Lambert, one of the besieged American missionaries at Hadjin. It is an appeal for immediate assistance and sets forth the danger surrounding her and her companions. Miss Lambert says the uprising by the Moslem horde against the Christians at Hadjin began nine days ago, and that there are many dead and wounded on both sides. Hadjin is almost entirely without food.

**THE NATIONAL GAME**

National League.

At Philadelphia— R.H.E.  
Philadelphia..... 00120000—3 6 2  
Brooklyn..... 000010100—2 9 3  
Batteries—Coveleskie, Doolin; Bell, Bergen.

At New York— R.H.E.  
Boston..... 000301222—10 15 0  
New York..... 000000000—0 2 7  
Batteries—Ferguson, Smith; Ames, Waller, Durham, Schlei.

At St. Louis— R.H.E.  
Pittsburg..... 010400020—7 9 3  
St. Louis..... 201030000—6 10 1  
Batteries—Lush, Phelps; Willis, Adams, Gibson.

American League.

At Chicago— R.H.E.  
Chicago..... 000000001—1 4 0  
St. Louis..... 000000000—0 3 2  
Batteries—White, Sullivan; Waddell, Criger.

At Boston— R.H.E.  
New York..... 000400000—4 5 3  
Boston..... 000000102—3 7 2  
Batteries—Wilson, Quinn, Kleinow; Morgan, Cicotte, Arrellanes, Carrigan.

American Association.

At Columbus— R.H.E.  
Columbus..... 200000000—2 4 2  
Indianapolis..... 201004002—9 10 2  
Batteries—Schneck, Cheney, Howley.

At St. Paul— R.H.E.  
St. Paul..... 011000000—2 8 4  
Kansas City..... 003000002—6 9 1  
Batteries—Gehring, Leroy, Yeager, Carisch; Swan, Sullivan.

At Toledo— R.H.E.  
Toledo..... 000110200—4 7 4  
Louisville..... 100400000—5 16 1  
Batteries—Webb, Holmquist, Abbott; Halla, Hughes.

At Minneapolis— R.H.E.  
Minneapolis..... 000010000—1 5 1  
Milwaukee..... 100000000—2 9 1  
Batteries—Patterson, Block; Curtis, Hostetter.

**VAN VLISINGEN BLAMES RICH MEN**  
Confessed Chicago Forger Declares They Knew His Guilt.

Chicago, April 28.—Peter Van Vlissingen, whose confession of wholesale forgeries last year created a sensation here, has come back from Joliet penitentiary to tell the world how for four years he was hounded by Maurice Rosenfeld and Bernhard Rosenberg, reputed millionaires and brothers-in-law, who, knowing he had disposed of forged mortgages and notes, forced him to turn over to them his ill-gotten gains to save them from financial losses. The men whom he accuses of having been partners in his crimes refuse to discuss the charges.

The hearing was one of the most dramatic ever held in this city. A self-confessed and convicted forger, Peter Van Vlissingen, with a self-possession that was remarkable, told how he had been caught in his forgeries in 1904 by Rosenfeld and Rosenberg, how they had purposed to expose him and send him to the penitentiary, and how he had appealed to their greed and had promised to repay them from the proceeds of his nefarious business if they would let him alone, the \$400,000 he had obtained from them on forged trust deeds. Hardly a day went by, he said, that one or the other of these men did not visit his office and insist upon his toll.

**Champion Swimmer to Marry.**  
New York, April 28.—The engagement was announced here today of Charles Daniels, the champion swimmer, to marry Mrs. G. O. Wagner, daughter of the late F. H. Goodyear of Buffalo, the railroad magnate.

**ILLINOIS TO CHECK GAMBLING IN GRAIN**  
Bill Against "Futures" Reported Favorably.

Springfield, Ill., April 28.—With only one dissenting vote, the judiciary committee of the lower house of the legislature reported favorably the bill which prohibits all deals in futures, particularly in foodstuffs, and makes it a felony to sell commodities, including petroleum, grain, foodstuffs, stocks or bonds unless the seller is the actual owner of the commodity. The bill bars any board of trade or stock exchange from permitting such sales on its premises and provides for punishment of telegraph or telephone companies transmitting messages in aid of such sales.

It had been declared that enforcement of the measure would "put the Chicago board of trade out of business," but animus against the board was denied. One section of the bill prohibits cornering or attempting to corner the market on grain or other enumerated commodities.

**OVERTAXED.**  
Hundreds of Seymour Readers Know What It Means.

The kidneys are overtaxed; Have too much to do. They tell about it in many aches and pains. Backache, sideache, headache, early symptoms of kidney ills. Urinary troubles, diabetes, Bright's disease follow.

Mrs. Thomas Geary, 132 McKee Street, Greensburg, Ind. says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been a blessing to me. I suffered with backaches, headaches and such severe pains across the loins that I could not rest at night or get any comfort at any time, day or night. I had no strength or ambition and was unable to attend to my household duties. I had kidney and bladder trouble, and the profuse flow of the secretions day and night gave me great annoyance. I doctored for these ailments but got no relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they gave me relief at once. The aches and pains soon vanished, I can now sleep well, and I have no more kidney trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me quick and permanent relief."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

**WOULD HAVE KILLED FRANCE'S PRESIDENT**  
Monte Carlo, April 28.—The French police here today arrested a man named Verdier, who declared he was an anarchist and had come to Monte Carlo for the purpose of killing President Fallieres of France, who is visiting here. Verdier was armed.

**Its A Top Notch Doer.**  
Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung Remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs and colds and la grippe vanish. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "I cured me of lung trouble pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by W. F. Peter drug store.

**Nervous Women**  
For nervous, tired women, we recommend Cardui. Cardui is a woman's medicine. It acts specifically on the female organs and has a tonic, building effect on the whole system. It contains no harmful ingredients, being a pure vegetable extract. If you suffer from some form of female trouble, get Cardui at once and give it a fair trial.

**TAKE CARDUI**  
It Will Help You

Mrs. W. W. Gardner, of Paducah, Ky., tried Cardui and writes: "I think Cardui is just grand. I have been using it for eleven years. I am 48 years old and feel like a different woman, since I have been taking it. I used to suffer from bearing down ains, nervousness and sleeplessness, but now the pains are all gone and I sleep good. I highly recommend Cardui for young and old." Try it.

**AT ALL DRUG STORES**

**Building Material**  
For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See  
**Travis Carter Co.**

F. Lett, M. D. C. H. Lett, M. D. C.  
**LETT & LETT, Veterinarians.**  
OFFICE: 111 West Third Street, SEYMOUR, IND.  
PHONES: Office 644, Residence 643.

**MARKET QUOTATIONS**  
Prevailing Current Prices for Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.  
Wheat—Wagon, \$1.30; No. 2 red, \$1.35. Corn—No. 3, 72½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 54½c. Hay—Clover, \$12.50 @ 13.50; timothy, \$14.50 @ 16.00; mixed, \$13.50 @ 15.00. Cattle—\$4.50 @ 6.65. Hogs—\$4.00 @ 7.50. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 5.00. Lambs—\$3.00 @ 7.75. Receipts—2,000 hogs; 1,100 cattle; 200 sheep. Only a few car loads of horses arrived for the opening auction sale of the week and there was practically no change in the situation compared with last week.

At Cincinnati.  
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.41. Corn—No. 2, 74½c. Oats—No. 2, 55c. Cattle—\$2.25 @ 6.25. Hogs—\$4.25 @ 7.50. Sheep—\$2.25 @ 5.25. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.30.

At Chicago.  
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.40½. Corn—No. 2, 72c. Oats—No. 3, 56½c. Cattle—Steers, \$3.25 @ 7.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 @ 5.35. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 7.40. Sheep—\$4.25 @ 6.75. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 8.50.

Livestock at New York.  
Cattle—\$2.25 @ 6.70. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 7.75. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 5.60. Lambs—\$6.00 @ 8.25.

At East Buffalo.  
Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.65. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 7.60. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 5.50. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.40.

Wheat at Toledo.  
May, \$1.36; July, \$1.10½; cash, \$1.38.

Paris, April 28.—Cliprino Castro, the deposed president of Venezuela, says he will await here the coming of his wife, who is en route returning from the West Indies.

**Money Comes In Bunches**  
to A. A. Chrischold, of Treadwell, N. Y. now. His reason is well worth reading. "For a long time I suffered from indigestion, torpid liver, constipation, nervousness, and general debility," he writes. "I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, nor ambition grew weaker every day in spite of all medical treatment. Then used Electric Bitters. Twelve bottles restored all my old time health and vigor. Now I can attend to business every day. It's a wonderful medicine." Infalible for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Blood and Nerves. 50c at W. Peter drug store.

**City Clerk Killed Two Negroes.**  
Birmingham, Ala., April 28.—Two negroes were killed and one injured by City Clerk J. M. Jones, of East Lake, last night, in front of the city hall, while the council was in session. The negroes were trying to break up the meeting as a result of some of their friends having been arrested and convicted of running a blind tiger. Jones tried to quiet the crowd when two of them fired upon him. He returned the fire killing two and injuring a third.

**Frightful Fate Averted**  
"I would have been a cripple for life from a terrible cut on my knee cap," writes Frank Disberry, Killiker Minn. "Without Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which soon cured me." Infalible for wounds, cuts, and bruises, it soon cures Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions, World's best for piles. 25c at W. F. Peter drug store.

**ASK FOR WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**  
THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY